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1881.

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HOME MAGAZINE



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THE HIGHEST AWARDS were granted our GREAT WORLD'S FAIR in LONDON, 1851; at the GREAT EXPOSITION in PARIS, 1867; at the INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION in CHILL, 1873; and at the grand CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION in PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

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Send one three-cent stamp to pay postage and packing, and I will send you 12 assorted elegant chromo cards, or a set of 5 gilt "Marguerite" cards. I am giving you these elegant cards for nothing, and in return I shall expect you to read the document enclosed with them. Send the 3-cent stamp to
W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th St., New York.

State which set you wish, or if you require both sets enclose two three-cent stamps.

NOTHING

[Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Fashionable Styles of Garments.



FIGURE No. 1.—CHILD'S CLOAK.

FIGURE No. 1.—This consists of cloak model No. 7805, which is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years old. For a child of 3 years, it needs 3 yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cts.



FIGURE No. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 2.—This consists of costume model No. 7802. It is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years. For a child of 3 years, it needs $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cts.



7830

Front View.



7830

Back View.



7839

Front View.



7839

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 7830.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume as illustrated for a girl of 4 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

GIRLS' COSTUME, WITH ADJUSTABLE CAPE.

No. 7839.—This model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume as illustrated for a girl of 5 years, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, will be requisite. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

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7830

Front View.



7830

Back View.



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Front View.



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Back View.

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GIRLS' COSTUME, WITH ADJUSTABLE CAPE.

No. 7839.—This model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume as illustrated for a girl of 5 years, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, will be requisite. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

FIGURE NO. 3.—
LADIES' STREET
COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—
This handsome costume is made of seal-brown suiting and satin of a still darker shade of brown, and will be much admired for promenade, shopping and similar uses. The skirt comprises a front-gore, a gore for each side and a back-breadth, the gores being fitted smoothly over the hips by darts, while the breadth is gathered and sewed with them to a belt. A scarf-drapery of the satin is arranged about the upper part and tied behind in a handsome bow-knot, the bow-ends being allowed to fall loosely down the back. A narrow knife-plaiting of the suit goods trims the bottom of the skirt, and between the top of this decoration and the lower edge of the scarf the skirt is overlaid with a double box-plaited section, which looks like a deep kilt.

The basque is fitted by two bust darts in each side of the front, side-back and under-arm gores, and a curving seam down the center of the back. The center, side-front and side-back seams terminate at the waist-line, allowing the center-backs to fall in long, narrow tabs and the side-back and under-arm gores at each side in a shorter and wider tab. The front reaches only to the waist-line and turns under in straight hems closing with button-holes and buttons.

A kilt-plaiting is sewed to the lower edge of the front and passes underneath the remaining por-



FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

ture is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure. It is No. 7822, and costs 35 cents.

tions of the basque adding one of the most novel and attractive features embodied in the construction. The seams joining the plaiting to the front are concealed under a satin belt inserted in the side-front seams and fastening in front with a buckle. The coat-shaped sleeve is finished at the wrist with a simulated cuff of satin decorated with a bow of the same. A military collar, with rounding ends, encircles the neck, while a deep, rolling collar, made of the satin, is attached to the neck edge of the back and extends in lapels up on the bust to the closing, where its ends are prettily ornamented with loops and ends of satin. Three buttons, applied in a crosswise line on the lower part of the under-arm tab, complete the decorations in a very handsome manner.

Silk, satin, cashmere, suiting or any material in vogue for ladies' wear will make up very handsomely in this way, and may be decorated to suit the fancy of the wearer. The kilt decoration is not necessary to the skirt, which may be trimmed with a narrow or medium-wide decoration of any preferred style. Box-plaited ruchings are pretty garnitures for such occasions. Celluloid, bone or metal buttons will aid greatly in producing a handsome appearance, in case they are effectively disposed. The pattern to the costume

**FIGURE NO. 4.—
LADIES'
WALKING COS-
TUME.**

FIGURE NO. 4.—

A very stylish street costume for early Winter wear is here represented. The short, round skirt is formed of bayadere-striped goods, and is neatly trimmed with a deep ruffle of the goods, cut cross-wise, hemmed at the bottom and turned under at the top and shirred for a heading. Any other style of decoration may be adopted; but for the fabric mentioned, this is as pretty a trimming as can be used. The curtain drapery of the front is made of the same goods, and is finished by an under-facing that simulates a hem; there being no trimming considered appropriate for such draperies in this fabric, unless it be fringe made to order in the colors of the ground-work and stripe, and even that is not as stylish as the finish represented. The body portion is also made of striped goods, and its back-drapery is lined with plain. In cutting and sewing up the waist, great care must be exercised in matching the stripes as nearly as possible, or the effect will be very unsatisfactory. By a little calculation in laying the pattern, or the lining cut by the pattern, upon the stripes, they may be made to encircle the body as evenly as though they were not cut. The 7339, which is in one size, and costs 10 cents.



FIGURE NO. 4.—LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.

sleeves also should match each other. They are here completed with cuffs of fur, which may be attached permanently or made adjustable. It is appropriate for any popular costume fabric, and its details will prove as pleasing in cheap goods as in the expensive kinds. It appears better when but slightly trimmed, which fact will be acceptable to many. The model to the costume is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is No. 7846, and costs 50 cents.

The collar is adjustable, and is also of the fur neatly lined with satin. It is a pretty, stylish shape, and is dressy in plush, velvet or any rich fabric. The model to this collar is in one size. It is No. 7798, and costs 10 cents.

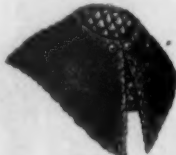
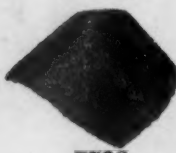
The muff matches the collar and cuffs in its materials, and is completed with ribbon bows. Tiger, leopard and striped, *ombré* plush will often be used for making muffs to match costumes trimmed with these materials. Such muffs are generally completed without decoration, although some will prefer to embellish them with ribbon bows. The lining may be gay or sober, as desired. The muff may be cut by pattern No.

**7841***Front View.***7841****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 7844.—This model is in 13 sizes from 28 to 46 ins., bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 ins. wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 ins. wide. Price, 30 cents.

**7841***Back View.***MISSES' COSTUME.**

No. 7841.—This costume is adaptable to all materials in vogue for misses' wear. Velvet and woolen suit goods are combined in this instance, and metal buttons are used in closing. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the costume for a miss of 13 years, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of suiting and $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of suiting and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting goods 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7810***Front View.***7798***Front View.***7798***Back View.***LADIES' SHOULDER-COLLAR, (SUIT-ABLE FOR FUR).**

No. 7798.—This pattern is in one size, and needs $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 22 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.

**7810***Back View.***LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 7810.—Silk, satin, Surah or any material employed for wraps makes up stylishly in this wrap. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



7849

Front View.

7842

LADIES' COAT, WITH ADJUST-
ABLE CAPE.

No. 7842.—This coat model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide, with 1 yard of plush 20 inches wide for the cape, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



7849

Back View.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 7849.—Plain suit goods and velvet are illustrated in the present instance, a ribbon bow, silk cord and tassels, and buttons and simulated button-holes being included in the decorations. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 13 years, the costume will require 9 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



7819

Front View.

7817

LADIES' PLAITED COLLAR.

No. 7817.—This charming pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the collar for a lady of medium size, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of any suitable material, either 22 or 36 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



7819

Back View.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 7819.—This handsome model is adapted to all wrap fabrics in vogue, and is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. A heavy variety of cloaking was used in the construction in the present instance, and velvet, ruffles of satin, buttons and machine-stitching are the decorations which aid in giving such a stylish air to the garment. For a lady of medium size, it will require 5 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards of material 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7801****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 7801.—The model to this basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

**FIGURE NO. 5.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

FIGURE No. 5.—This consists of costume No. 7813. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it needs $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of lining 36 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

**7800****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 7800.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will need $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

**7828****LADIES' POLONAISE.**

No. 7828.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7802***Front View.***7802***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 7802.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age.

For a child of 3 years, it needs $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

**7811****LADIES' COAT.**

No. 7811.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

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"THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTERS."—Page 259.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIX.

DECEMBER, 1881.

No. 12.



HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

THE church is quaint, and carved, and olden;

The sunlight streams in wavelets golden,

I This Christmas morn,
Through stained glass scenes from Bible stories,
On ancient knights whose sculptured glories
The aisle adorn.

The rays are shot in glistened splendor

On many a dead and gone defender

Of Church and Crown;

On Lancelot, the brave Crusader,

And Guy, who slew the French invader,

And saved a town.



THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTERS. Page 120.

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VOL. XLIX.—46.

The rays are shed in chastened splendor
On many a dead and gone defender
Of Church and Crown;
On Lancelot, the brave Crusader,
And Guy, who slew the French invader,
And saved a town.

(675)

The manor lords in line unbroken
 Rest here begirt with sign and token
 Of ages past;
 And dames and maidens, proud and stately;
 Lie here with folded hands sedately,
 And eyes shut fast.

Among their tombs the sunlight lingers,
 Then halts between the anthem-singers,
 And warriors grim.

For there, 'midst many a warlike relic.
 Fair children sing the song angelic,
 Christ's birthday hymn.

In rev'rie wrapt, I pause and listen,
 I watch the darting sunbeams glisten
 On floor and wall;
 Then pass from dead to living graces,
 And on the children's happy faces
 In splendor fall.

This song of peace—these gentle voices,
 These glad young hearts that life rejoices,
 My fancy thought,
 Are dearer homage to the Master
 Than all the Church's foes' disaster
 These dead knights wrought.

Gone are the days of gloom and error,
 Love's sceptre breaks the rod of terror
 In our fair isle.

And as the children sing His message
 Of Peace on Earth the joyful preface,
 They win God's smile.

Illustrated London News.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

IN Sparks among the Ashes, Rev. Francis L. Pearson introduces to the public a deeply interesting and touching work. Not to be acquainted with this gentleman's labors at Blockley Alms-house is to have missed a grand page in the history of Christian effort in behalf of the despised and destitute. Every word in Sparks among the Ashes tells for the glory of God and pleads for sinning, suffering humanity.

"These are men and women" about whom he writes. If personal observation is impossible, then a faithful perusal of this book will set this institution in a new light and soften many hearts toward its inmates. I take the liberty of making the following extract:

"The reader will please accompany us while we journey among the embers of humiliation, along the avenues of sorrow and through the shaded lanes of providential darkness, and behold some bright sparks found among the ashes. Were the traveller, surrounded by sterile sands or bleak wastes, to see flowers of unusual beauty and fragrance spring up in his pathway where there appeared no soil to nourish or no dew or showers to

refresh vegetation, he would almost doubt his senses, and fear that this was a freak of fancy or an optical delusion. Such a picture, drawn in the best style by the traveler's pen, would, of course, be considered a romance. But facts are more strange than fiction. There are moral wastes and dark regions where both flowers and fruit appear in great beauty and perfection.

"In almost every ward of this institution, now in review, we find some person who is like a light in a very dark place, or like a flower in the desert. Among twenty or thirty of the most degraded inmates of each ward we find, at times, a man or a woman whose intelligence, refinement and Christian graces shine with a lustre so bright as to shed a halo over all the surrounding darkness. Sometimes the circumstances are such as to make the life of a pious person one constant tribulation. But the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ can support and keep the soul safe even in Sodom. The presence of the Son of God can give safety and blessing even in the midst of fire or among the lions of the den."

In my little sketch, entitled *Deafy*, I mentioned Lizzie W. Since her picture fits right into this vivid description, I give the chapter I promised. It is hardly likely she will ever see, or even hear about this article, so I feel free to write concerning her. I do not know how long she has been an inmate. Lou and I made her acquaintance some five or six years ago. She was a pensioner then, and, from her conversation, we judged had been for a long time previous.

She gave her heart to the Lord in early youth. Girlhood and middle-age were spent at service. She married late in life, lost her husband, became a cripple, and was sent to the alms-house. Some of these poor creatures have those in the outside world on whom they have claims, and who take them articles that add to their comfort, and which the Board does not supply. Lizzie has no one. Those whom she served are either dead or scattered, and have lost sight of her. She has but one living relative, and he cannot assist her. Living at a distance, he seldom visits her, and when he does, takes with him not an atmosphere of joy, but one of gloom and sorrow.

Dear readers, I could tell you things that would make the hearts of young and old ache, but this is not the time nor the place in which to discuss the affairs of an institution declared to be, and which doubtless is, the best of its kind in the country.

Surveying a residence there from our own more favored point of view, there is (excepting, of course, for the most degraded) absolutely, no bright side. But, looking through windows opening toward the New Jerusalem, we find sunshine even in this shady place.

Yes, and this sunshine creeps about Lizzie's feet, bathes her sweet, old face and lays a crown

one almost sees upon the brown hair Time has brushed so tenderly.

Lizzie enjoys that rare privilege, a room to herself; that is, if something very like a hole in the wall may be dignified by that title. Apart from lack of ventilation, it is quite an attractive hole-in-the-wall. There's not much in it, yet it's fully furnished, and everything almost that can be white is white. Her four walls, and the openings representing window and door, are as like snow as lime, a brush, and patient industry can make them. She is unable to take a step without crutches, yet she does her own white-washing, scrubs her floor, keeps her bed free from vermin, and has everything about her person as neat as wax.

Sitting in that dainty cell one realizes the situation of the eager bee upon which the morning-glory has locked her purple gates. It is a sweet, snowy, breathless sort of place; but, looking at Lizzie's saintly face, listening to her gentle speech, catching glimpses of a faith

"That seas of trouble cannot drown,"

becomes a shrine—an oratory. There, under balm-droppings of peace, it is easy to forget creature needs and comforts in a sort of brooding calm, a sense of soul-nestling, which recalls the Almighty's wonder-words: "I will cover thee with my feathers."

Apart from secret prayer and meditation, Lizzie finds her sole joy in the services of the sanctuary. In order to attend these, she is obliged to descend a long flight of stairs. Fortunately, there is little walking beside. In her weak, crippled condition it is a tedious and painful journey, yet she is seldom absent from her place. She thinks nothing of missing a meal, the rarest of rarities, for a sermon or prayer-meeting.

I recollect, one time, reading in the papers an account of a dinner some kind ladies and gentlemen gave the aged and the infirm in the several wards. Lou. and I congratulated ourselves on Lizzie's having enjoyed a "square meal;" but on meeting her we learned that she had nothing, except what we children used to call "lefted bits." The day and the hour set for this sumptuous repast was that on which their regular, weekly prayer-meeting is held.

"And," said she, "I couldn't miss that."

Frequently, on the Sabbath, she goes down in the morning, and stays until the close of the afternoon service. In this way she misses her dinner, which is taken to her room. Often and often, returning with her, we find it on the table, where, save for bites the mice have had, it remains untasted.

Violet shadows settle about her lips; her pale cheeks become more pallid, her weak voice somewhat fainter, yet she utters no complaint.

Her eyes shine with a celestial brightness, and

her patient face grows radiant, as she discusses the chapters read and the sermon out of which she invariably culls something that cheers her heart and strengthens her faith. These sparks among the embers are jewels—every one. When our dear Lord makes up his diadem, when he gives "beauty for ashes," Lizzie and all who have "kept the faith" amid the disheartenments of the poor-house shall "Shine as the stars forever and ever."

Bro. Pearson truly says of such, they are "like a light in a dark place." It is because the Lord is their "Light—yea, and their Salvation." "Of whom shall" they "be afraid?"

This is no fancy sketch. This dear saint of God into whose nun-like cell we have taken a passing glance lives, and is

"Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown.

* * *

"Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the Autumn winds have come."

After "all that are ready" have entered in, I shall see her—she who now bears a pauper's name and wears a pauper's dress on this atom we call Earth—yea, I shall see her glorious without as within. The King's daughter shall be brought unto the King "in raiment of needlework." "Her clothing of wrought gold."

MADGE CARROLL.

THROUGH LIFE AND DEATH I

LIKE Ruth I made this vow to thee,
That sealed me thine;
Thy people shall my people
Thy God be mine!

Where thou shalt through this life abide,
There, too, will I!

Where thou art buried, by thy side
There will I lie!

But greater love than this I give,
With faith as great!

Beyond the grave my love shall live,
Whate'er its fate!

My soul has every fibre grown
Deep into thine,

'Till life nor death on one alone
Can set its sign!

Together on—forever—
To rise or fall!

With thee, though Heaven be lost or won,
I risk it all!

FAUSTINE.

A MEAN WISH.—There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only worthy competition is with ourselves.

HOW SHE TOLD A LIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

THE three travelers—kind Cousin Eva and her young charges, Cherry and Ruth—were standing on the staircases of the curious old Hôtel de Bourghéroutte, by the Place de la Pucelle, Rouen. That narrow, gloomy little square looked still narrower and gloomier in the drizzle of the dull November day; and the ugly pump in the middle of it, with a still uglier statue on the top, marking the place where Jeanne d'Arc was burnt, had been a sore disappointment to the children. They had come, enthusiastic little pilgrims, to see the spot where their favorite heroine died; and Cousin Eva could hardly get them to believe that it was the spot—that the common-looking market-place, where a few ordinary modern market-people were passing and re-passing, had actually been the scene of that cruel deed—that from the very identical windows of those very identical houses, brutal eyes had watched the Maid as she stood, the flames curling round her, clasping the rude cross which some charitable soul pushed towards her hand.

"Do you remember," Cousin Eva said, "how, at the last moment, she retracted all the false confession of heresy and witchcraft which torture had wrung from her, and exclaimed, 'Yes, my voices were of God?' and how, when she saw the flames approaching her, she shut her eyes, called out once 'Jesus!' dropped her head upon her breast, and that was all;—till they raked up a handful of charred bones out of the embers, and threw them into the Seine?"

The children looked grave. At last they did realize the whole.

"I wonder what sort of a day it was," whispered Cherry: "dull and gloomy, like to-day, or with a bright blue sunshiny sky? Perhaps she looked up at it before the fire touched her. And perhaps he stood here—just where we stand—the English soldier who cried out, 'We have burnt a saint.'"

"And so she was," said Ruth, with a quiver passing over the eager little face; "a real saint."

"But, Cousin Eva," added Cherry, "why did she ever own to being a witch? and how could she say her voices were not true when she believed they were true? One way or other she must have told a lie."

Miss Cherry was of an argumentative, rather than a sentimental turn. She thought a good deal herself, and liked to make other people think too, so as to enable her to get to the bottom of things. She could never overlook the slightest break in a chain of practical reasoning; and if she had a contempt in this world, it was for a weak person, or a person who told a lie. This flaw, even in her

favorite Maid of Orleans, otherwise so strong and brave, was too much for Cherry to pass over.

"Do you not think," said Cousin Eva, "that it would be possible, under stress of circumstances, to tell a lie—to confess to something one had never done? Bishop Cranmer, for instance—have you forgotten how he signed a recantation, and then thrust into the flames 'that unworthy right hand?' And Galileo, when forced by the Inquisition to declare the earth stood still, muttered afterwards, 'It does move.' Yes, yes," continued she, "one never knows what one may be driven to do till the time comes. The force of torture is very strong. Once upon a time, I remember, I told a lie."

"You told a lie!" echoed Cherry, looking with amazement into the bright, sweet, honest face—rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed—her little cousins themselves had not more innocent eyes than Eva's—as clear and round as a baby's.

"But nobody ever tortured you?" asked tender-hearted Ruth, clinging to the kindly hand, which, indeed, she never went far away from, in these alarming "foreign parts."

"No, my little girl; the thumb-screws, the rack, and the Maiden belong, luckily, to that room in the Tower where we saw them once; and we are in the nineteenth and not the fifteenth century. Still, even now-a-days a good deal of moral torture can be brought to bear upon one occasionally, especially when one is only a child, as I was then. And I was tried sharply;—enough to make me remember it even now, and feel quite sure that if I had been Jeanne d'Arc I should, very likely, have done exactly as she did! Also I learnt, what I have tried to put in practice ever since, that nothing makes people liars like disbelieving them."

Ruth gave a little tender pressure to the hand she held, while Cherry said proudly, "You never disbelieve us, and you never need to! But tell us, Cousin Eva, about the lie you told. Was it denying something you had done, or owning to something you were quite innocent of, like poor Jeanne d'Arc? Do tell! You know how we like a story."

"What, here, in this pelt of rain?" answered Cousin Eva, as she proceeded to investigate from under her umbrella the curious bas-reliefs of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which still remain in the court of the Hôtel du Bourghéroutte. "No, children; you must wait a more desirable opportunity."

Which, however, was not long in coming. The day brightened—grew into one of those exquisite days which French people call St. Martin's Summer—and truly I know nothing like it, except what it most resembles, a sweet, peaceful, contented old age. So cousin Eva decided to take the children to a place which she herself had once seen and never forgotten, the little church on a hill-top, called Notre-Dame de Bon Secours.

"Is that the same which Alice sings about in the opera of *Robert le Diable*?" and Cherry struck up, in her clear young voice—

"Quand je quittais ma Normandie."

"Please don't sing quite so loud, or the hotel people will hear you," said timid Ruth, and was quite relieved when they started off. I need not relate how extremely the children enjoyed the stiff climb up the hill, and admired the lovely building, all ablaze with brilliant but harmonious coloring, and the little side-chapels, filled with innumerable votive inscriptions: "*À Marie*," "*Grâces à Marie*," &c. Curious, simple, almost childish, it all was, yet touching to those who feel as Cousin Eva did, that to believe earnestly in anything is better than believing in nothing.

Afterwards they all sat and rested in one of the prettiest resting-places I know for those that live and move, or for "them that sleep"—the graveyard on the hill-top, close behind the church of Notre-Dame de Bon Secours. From this high point they could see the whole country for miles and miles, the Seine winding through it in picturesque curves. Rouen, with its bridges and streets, distinct as in a map, lay at their right hand and, rising out of the mass of houses, etherealized by the yellow sunset light, were the two spires of the Cathedral and the Church of St. Ouen.

"Can you see the market-place, Cousin Eva? If so, poor Jeanne d'Arc, when she was brought out to die, must have seen this hill, with the church on the top of it; that is, supposing there was a church."

"There might have been, though not this one, which is modern, you see."

"I wonder," continued Cherry, who was always wondering, "if she looked up at it, and thought it hard that Notre-Dame de Bon Secours should not have succored her. Perhaps because, to escape from the heretic English, she had told a lie."

"And that reminds me," added Ruth, who was not given to ethical questions, "that while we sit and rest, we might hear from Cousin Eva about the lie she told."

"Yes, yes. Please say, Cousin Eva, was it a big or a little one? Why did you tell it? And was it ever found out?"

"I don't quite see the difference between big and little, my child. A lie is a lie, though sometimes there are extenuating circumstances in the reason for telling it. And once told, the question whether or not it is ever found out, does not matter. My lie was never found out, but it grieved me all the same."

"Will it grieve you to tell about it? I should not like that," said Ruth softly.

"No, dear; because I have long since forgiven myself. I was such a small child, much younger than either of you, and, unlike you, I had no parents, only an aunt and uncle and a lot of rough

cousins, who domineered over me and made me afraid. That was the cause. The sure way to make a child untruthful is to make it afraid. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the shudder of terror that came over me when my eldest cousin clutched me by the shoulder saying, 'Did you do that?'

"And what had you done?" asked Cherry.

"Nothing, but Will thought I had. We were all digging in our gardens, and he had just found his favorite jessamine plant lying uprooted on the ground. It had been my favorite, too, but Will took it from my garden and planted it in his own, where I watched it anxiously, for I was afraid it would die."

"You did it on purpose," Will persisted; "or if not out of revenge, out of pure silliness. Girls are always so silly. Didn't you propose yesterday to dig it up just to see if it had got a root?"

"Which was quite true. I was a very silly little girl, but I meant no harm. I wouldn't for the world have harmed either Will or his jessamine. I told him so, but he refused to believe me. So did they all. They stood round me, and declared I must have done it. Nobody else had been in the garden, except indeed a dog, who was in the habit of burying his bones there. But they never thought of him as the sinner, it was only of me. And when I denied doing the thing, they were only the more angry."

"You know you are telling a lie. And where do little girls go to that tell lies?" cried Will, who sometimes told them himself; but then he was a boy, and it was a rule in that family, a terribly mistaken one, that the boys might do anything, and the girls must always give in to the boys. So when Will looked fiercely at me, repeating, 'You know you did it,' I almost felt as if I really had done it. Unable to find another word, I began to cry."

"Look here, you children"—he called all the rest children—"Eva has gone and pulled up my jessamine, out of spite, or mischief, or pure silliness—I don't know which, and I don't care. I'd forgive her, if she would only confess, but she won't. She keeps on telling lie after lie, and we won't stand children that tell lies. If we punish her, she'll howl, so I propose that until she confesses we all send her to Coventry."

"It's a very nice town, but I don't want to go there," said I, at which I remember they all burst out laughing, and I cried only the more.

"I had no idea what 'sending to Coventry' meant, unless it was like sending to Siberia, which I had lately been reading of, or to the quicksilver mines, where condemned convicts were taken, and where nobody ever lived more than two years. Perhaps there were quicksilver mines at Coventry? A cold shudder of fear ran through me, but I was utterly powerless. I could but die."

"Soon I discovered what my punishment was; and, though not death, it was hard enough. Fancy, children, being treated day after day, and all day long, just as if you were a chair or a table—never taken the least notice of, never answered if you spoke, never spoken to on any account; never played with, petted or scolded. Completely and absolutely ignored. This was being 'sent to Coventry,' and it was as cruel a punishment as could have been inflicted upon any little girl, especially a sensitive little girl who liked her playfellows, rough as they were, and was very fond of one of them, who was never rough, but always kind and good.

"This was a little boy who lived next door. His parents, like mine, were out in India, nor had he any brothers or sisters. He was just my age, and younger than any of my cousins. So we were the best of friends—Tommy and I. His surname I have forgotten, but I know we always called him Tommy, and that I loved him dearly. The bitterest pang of all this bitter time was that even Tommy went over to the enemy.

"At first he had been very sorry for me—had tried all through that holiday Saturday when my punishment began, to persuade me to confess and escape it; and when he failed—for how could I confess to what I had never done? to an action so mean that I would have been ashamed even to have thought of doing?—then Tommy also sent me to Coventry. On the Sunday, all 'us children' (we didn't mind grammar much in those days) walked to church together across the fields; and Tommy always walked with me, chattering the whole way. Now we walked in total silence, for Will's eye was upon him, and even Tommy was afraid. Whatever I said, he never answered a single word.

"Then I felt as if all the world were against me—as if it was no use trying to be good, or telling the truth, since even the truth was regarded as a lie. In short, in my small childish way, I suffered much as poor Jeanne d'Arc must have suffered when she was shut up in her prison at Rouen, called a witch, a deceiver—forsaken of all, and yet promised pardon if she would only confess and own she was a wicked woman, which she knew she was not.

"I was quite innocent, but after three days of being supposed guilty I ceased to care whether I were guilty or no. I seemed not to care for anything. Since they supposed I was capable of such a mean thing as pulling up a harmless jessamine-root out of spite, what did it matter whether they thought I had told a lie or not? Indeed, if I did tell one, it would be much easier than telling the truth: and every day my 'sticking it out,' and persisting in the truth, became more difficult.

"This state of things continued till Wednesday, which was our half-holiday, when my cousins usu-

ally went a long walk or played cricket, and I was sent in to spend the afternoon with Tommy. They were the delight of my life, those long quiet Wednesdays, when Tommy and I went 'mooning about,' dug in our garden, watched our tadpoles—we had a hand-basin full of them, which we kept in the arbor till they developed into myriads of frogs and went hopping about everywhere. But even tadpoles could not charm me now, and I dreaded, rather than longed for, my half-holiday.

"School had been difficult enough, for Tommy and I had the same daily governess; but if, when we played together, he was never to speak to me, what should I do? Besides, his grandmother would be sure to find it out; and she was a prim and rather strict old lady, to whom a child who had been sent to Coventry for telling a lie would be a perfect abhorrence. What could I do? Would it not be better to hide away somewhere, so as to escape going into Tommy's house at all? Indeed, I almost think some vague thought of running away and hiding myself forever crossed my mind, when I heard Will calling me.

"He and two of the others were standing at the front door—a terrible Council of Three; like that which used to sentence to death the victims in the Prigioni, which we saw last month at Venice. I felt not unlike a condemned prisoner—one who had been shut up so long that death came almost as a relief—which it must often have been to those poor souls. The three big boys stood over me like judges over a criminal, and Tommy stood beside them looking very sad.

"'Little girl,' said Will, in quite a judicial tone, 'we think you have been punished enough to make you thoroughly ashamed of yourself. We wish you to go and play with Tommy as usual; but Tommy could not possibly have you unless you were out of Coventry. We will give you one chance more. Confess that you pulled up the jessamine, and we'll forgive you, and tell nobody about you; and you shall go and have tea with Tommy just as if nothing had happened. Think—you have only to say one word.'

"'And if I don't say it?'

"'Then,' answered Will, with a solemn and awful expression, 'I shall be obliged immediately to tell everybody everything.'

"That terrible threat—all the more formidable because of its vagueness—quite overcame me. To be set down as a liar or to become one; to be punished as I knew my aunt would punish me on her son's mere statement, for a wrong thing I had never done, or to do a wrong thing, and, escaping punishment, go back to my old happy life with my dear Tommy, who stood, the tears in his eyes, waiting my decision.

"It was a hard strait—too hard for one so young. And Will stood glaring at me, with his remorseless eyes.

"Well, now—say, once for all, did you pull up my jessamine?"

"It was too much. Sullenly, slowly, I made up my mind to the inevitable, and answered, 'Since you will have it so—Yes.' But the instant I had said it, I fell into such a fit of sobbing—almost hysterical screaming—that my cousins were all frightened and ran away.

"Tommy stayed, however. He got me into a quiet arbor as fast as he could. I felt his arms round my neck, and his comforting was very tender, very sweet. But I was long before I stopped crying, and still longer before anything like cheerfulness came into my poor little heart. We played together all the afternoon very affectionately, but in a rather melancholy sort of way, as if we had something on our minds, to which we never made the smallest reference. Tommy was a timid boy and Will had cowed him into unkindness; but he loved me—I knew he loved me. Only, as is often the case, if his love had had a little more courage it would have been all the better for me—perhaps for him too.

"We spent a peaceful, but rather a dull afternoon, and then were summoned in-doors to tea.

"Now, tea at Tommy's house was a serious thing. Tommy's grandmother always sat at the table, and looked at us through her spectacles, and talked to us in a formal and dignified manner, asking if we had been good children, had learnt our lessons well, had played together without quarrelling, &c., &c. She was a kind old lady, but she always made us feel that she was an old lady, years upon years older than we, and quite unable to understand us at all. Consequently, we never did more than answer her questions and hold our tongues. As for telling her anything—our troubles especially—we would as soon have thought of confiding in the Queen, or the Emperor of all the Russias.

"I never opened my lips all tea-time, and at last she noticed it. Also that my eyes were rather red.

"This little girl looks as if she had been crying. I hope you have not made her cry, my dear?"

"Tommy was silent. But I eagerly declared that Tommy had not made me cry. Tommy was never unkind to me.

"I am glad to hear it, Evangeline (she always gave me my full name) and I hope you too are a good child who is never in mischief, and above all never tells lies. If I were not quite sure of that, I could not allow Tommy to play with you."

"She looked us full in the face as if she saw through and through us—which she did not, being very short-sighted—yet I felt myself tremble in every limb. As for Tommy, he just glanced at me and glanced away again, turning crimson to the very roots of his hair, but he said nothing.

"What would have happened next, I cannot

tell; we waited in terror holding one another's hands under the table-cloth. But mercifully at that very instant the old lady was fetched to speak with some one, and we two children had to finish our tea alone.

"It almost choked us—me, at any rate. But as soon as ever it was over, and Tommy and I found ourselves safe out in the garden, I flung my arms round his neck and told him all.

"And Tommy believed me. No matter whether the others did or not, Tommy believed me—at last! Tommy sympathized with me, comforted me, thought I was not so very wicked even though I had told a lie, but not the one I was accused of telling. Tommy wept with me over all I had suffered, and promised that, though perhaps it was better to let the matter rest now, if such a thing were to happen again, he would not be afraid of Will or of anybody, but would stand up for me 'like a man.'"

"And did he do it?" asked Cherry, with slight incredulity in her tone.

"He never had the opportunity. A week after this he was suddenly sent for to join his parents abroad, and I never saw my friend Tommy any more."

"But did you never hear of him? Is he alive still? He must be a very old gentleman by this time."

"Very. No doubt a father—possibly even a grandfather," replied Cousin Eva, smiling.

Cherry blushed. "I didn't mean that, since he was barely as old as you, and you are certainly not a grandmother. But I want to hear more of Tommy. Is he married?"

"I really cannot say. The last time I heard of him was ten years ago, when he was living somewhere abroad—I rather think at Shanghai. He was not married then."

"I wish," whispered Ruth solemnly, "I wish he would come back to England and marry you."

Cousin Eva laughed. "There might be two opinions on that question, you know. But, oh! my children, when you are married, and have children of your own, remember my story. If ever a poor little thing looks up in your face saying, 'I didn't do that,' believe it! If it sobs out, 'I'm not naughty,' don't call it naughty! Give it the benefit of the doubt. Have patience, take time; and whatever you do, don't make it afraid. Cowards are always liars. Of the two evils it is less harmful to believe a person who tells a lie, than to doubt another who is speaking the truth."

"I think so too," said Cherry sagely. "Remember poor Jeanne d'Arc."

"And poor Cousin Eva," added Ruth, kissing the well-beloved hand.

And so, in the fading twilight, the three rose up together, and went down the hill from Notre-Dame de Bon Secours.

THE MISTLETOE.

THIS celebrated little plant is an evergreen shrub, parasitic on several trees, usually the apple. The true, or European mistletoe, is *Viscum album*. The American mistletoe, found sparingly from New Jersey to Texas, resembles it, but is so different botanically as to receive another scientific name, *Phoradendron flavescens*. Of course, all the pretty superstitions relating to the mistletoe belong to the European species.



The mistletoe is succulent when young, but it becomes woody as it grows older; its branches are repeatedly forked and form dense tufts one to two feet in diameter. It is attached to the branches of trees by the thickened base of the main stem. The branches break readily at the distinct joints, at each of which is a pair of opposite leaves. The fruit of the mistletoe is a white, semi-transparent berry, surrounded by a glutinous pulp. To the ordinary observer, the American species has much the same general appearance as the European, but

the leaves and stems are of a more yellowish green, while the berries are pure white.

The mistletoe proper extends from Sweden to the Mediterranean Sea, and is very common in the southern and western counties of England, where it grows on a number of different trees. In the cider districts it is very destructive, as once established on the apple-trees, it continues to grow as long as there is any life in its host. It is supposed to be disseminated by birds, which feed upon the berries, and that in the attempt to wipe the viscid pulp from their bills they attach the seed to the branches. To establish the plant artificially, a small slit of the bark is raised with a knife and the seeds are placed beneath it; this is done upon the under side of a branch to hide the seeds from birds. Many experiments have been made upon the germination of this plant, and it is found that, in whatever position the seed may be placed, the radical, or primary root, which in ordinary plants tends directly downward, will be directly towards the surface to which the seeds are

attached without reference to gravitation, light, or any other influence. The radical is frequently obliged to arch itself over to reach the bark, and when it comes in contact with this, its end expands to form a disk which gives it a firm hold; from this proceed roots which penetrate the bark, and thus place the young plant in connection with that part of the tree in which nutriment is most abundant. An instance is recorded of the growth of one mistletoe upon another. The plant does not flourish native in the north of England, or in Scotland and Ireland. Gardeners in these regions plant the seeds upon the bark of young apple-trees and sell the trees with the mistletoe already growing upon them.

The ancient Britons and Germans held the plant in high reverence. In Scandinavian mythology, Balder, the Apollo of the North, is said to have been slain by a spear of the mistletoe. The plant is found upon the oak more rarely than on any other tree, so, that which grew upon the oak was regarded by the Druids with peculiar honor, and its collection was accompanied by great solemnities. It was cut on the sixth day after the first new moon of each year, the priest using a golden sickle; the plant was received upon a white cloth and divided among the people, who preserved the fragments as a charm to protect them from disease and every other evil. "Kissing under the mistletoe" is a very old custom, dating back through the Middle Ages, though its real origin is lost in obscurity. The chief use of the plant is now for Christmas decorations. In England, "Mistletoe and Christmas," or, "Christmas and Mistletoe," are inseparably connected. The "mistletoe bough" has been, for centuries, a fruitful theme for ballad-writers and romancers.

M.

**MISS ROSAMOND CHAMPFLOWER,
AND HOW SHE SPENT HER CHRISTMAS.**

CHAPTER I.

THIRTY-SEVEN BABIES.

THE urn on Miss Champflower's breakfast table bubbled and sang with as much importance as if it itself had invented the way to keep water hot; the rolls that had just come steaming in from the oven had a crisp, conceited air about them; the tablecloth, as a gleam of cold, Christmas sunshine fell upon it, seemed to take a prim pride in its own

dently resolved to be thought Valenciennes, though, let the fact be whispered below the breath, it was only imitation.

Miss Rosamond Champflower herself was a well-preserved little woman of about sixty; her hands were white and plump, her figure was round and neat, her face would have had a sunset gleam of beauty resting still on the delicately cut features, if it had not been for the unsympathetic, hard lines around the small mouth, for the steel-like glitter in the bright gray eyes.

Miss Champflower had but one employment in



"THE LITTLE FELLOW REFUSED TO BE COMFORTED."—p. 686.

spotlessness; the various articles of silver plate—Miss Champflower never even breakfasted without much plate—stood there with much dignity. Miss Champflower's cat mewed complacently, as though he were saying to himself, "My saucer will be full of milk, whatever the saucers of my neighbors may be." Miss Champflower's dress, which was made of some very soft warm stuff, just then in high favor with fashion, had a touch-me-not sort of look about the set of its skirts that appeared to be always defying any offending foot to draw near; the very lace on Miss Champflower's cap was evi-

the whole course of the year, but she found it an employment that filled up most fully every chink of time, summer and winter, autumn and spring, every minute marked by her pretty French clock, from the moment she rose from her big, soft bed until she returned to it again; it was the employment of pleasing herself. This morning, the morning of Christmas Eve, she was making up her mind, as indeed she did every morning, to have a comfortable day of it; and her thoughts were running somewhat as follows, as she formed her plans toward that praiseworthy end:—

"I will sit all the morning with my feet on the fender, reading that interesting book I got from the library yesterday; it is horribly cold, but I will have the screen put up to keep off the draft from the door, and we'll heap plenty of coals on; then I'll have for dinner a roast chicken and a nice little pudding made in a cup, just enough for myself. By-the-bye, I must remind Keziah to put just a touch more lemon in the bread-sauce. After dinner I shall put on my fur cloak, and go out to look into the Christmas shops, which always amuse me, and on my way back I will call on Miss Snapton and hear the last dainty bit of gossip; there's always sure to be enough of it about every man and woman in the town, in turn, most likely about those very gentlemen and ladies who are making such a fuss just now with their Christmas charities, soup-kitchens, coal clubs, and all that sort of fine-sounding nonsense. Let the poor help themselves, and if they won't do it, be made to, that's what I say. When I come home to tea, I'll tell Keziah to have the muffins ready, and to put the butter thicker than last night; and after tea——" But here Miss Champflower's further reflections and plans were broken off suddenly by the entrance of her servant Keziah with a letter in her hand.

Keziah, with a girl over whom she ruled with a most despotic sceptre, formed Miss Champflower's household. She was a trim, prim personage, who always looked as if she had just been taken out of a band-box. Her views of life in general were much the same as those of Miss Champflower, and her range of thought and feeling very similar to hers, with this exception—that whereas her mistress cared only for herself, Keziah cared for herself and her mistress too.

Now the arrival of a letter was somewhat of an event for Miss Champflower. She had quarrelled with all her relations, and she had no friends, for to call those ladies friends who were her neighbors in the town of Bellminster, where she lived, and who supplied her with catalogues of the real or supposed misdoings of their acquaintances in return for certain tea-parties at which she entertained them, would be to desecrate a very sacred word. Thus it came to pass that Miss Rosamond Champflower had no correspondents. She did, it is true, sometimes receive circulars from tradesmen, &c.; but Keziah's practised eye saw at once that this was no circular. It was, therefore, no wonder that the old servant felt a sharp prick of curiosity about this letter, and that, making use of the privileges allowed her by her familiarity with her mistress, she lingered near the door instead of leaving the room. It was well that she did so, for two or three minutes had not sped by when a shrilly accentuated "Oh!" drew Keziah hastily to her mistress's side. Miss Champflower's face was colored with a deep flush of sudden indigna-

tion; Miss Champflower's eyes were wide open with a look of the most extreme bewilderment, while she murmured over and over the strange, mysterious words, "thirty-seven babies! thirty-seven babies!"

Keziah's first impression was that her mistress had suddenly taken leave of her senses; but as Miss Champflower had always been remarkable for soundness of intellect, her next and more rational notion was that the letter was the guilty cause of this unaccountable agitation and incomprehensible language. It lay at Miss Champflower's feet on the carpet, where she had thrown it. Keziah picked it up, and stood with it doubtfully in her hand until her mistress, being slightly recovered, turned to her and bade her read it.

The fatal document—for so it certainly appeared to be in Miss Champflower's eyes—ran as follows:—

"DEAREST LITTLE ROSIE,—All has been done splendidly. Not one even of your thirty-seven babies forgotten. Shall be with you almost with the first peal of bells on Christmas morning; what a jolly time we will have of it!

"Your own——"

"P. S.—Have not time to put date, but you know it, my beauty."

Keziah's first impression on reading this was one of the most overwhelming astonishment. It certainly did seem a most extraordinary and grotesquely impossible thing to find Miss Champflower spoken of as the possessor of thirty-seven babies, and to hear her august majesty addressed in such a free and easy style as the above was little less startling and incredible.

When she had, however, partly got over this sensation, the first idea which struck her was that the delivery of the letter must have been a mistake; she had heard of such at Christmas time, when so many letters are flying hither and thither through the land. A sad, foolish waste of time and pence she and her mistress always said. She therefore examined the envelope eagerly; but there was no mistake, there was Miss Champflower's address as plain as the bow on Miss Champflower's cap to view. "Miss Rosamond Champflower, 9 Ansleigh-terrace, Bellminster." Then Keziah's keen eyes inspected narrowly the handwriting and the paper. But these brought no light: it was a bold, manly hand, with nothing peculiar about it, and the paper had no stamp of any sort upon it. The post-marks were simply London and Bellminster. No, Keziah could not in the least find any key to the mystery.

There was no one, she was quite certain, in the whole town or neighborhood who, besides her mistress, bore the name of Champflower, which made the matter yet more impossible to solve.

At length a bright idea flashed across Keziah, and, turning to her mistress, who sat by with a flushed bewildered look, and with a half-finished egg before her, she exclaimed—

"I'll tell you what it is, ma'am, it can be nothing but a piece of clean, downright impudence."

"But who, I should like to know, Keziah, could possibly dream of presuming on such insolence!" cried Miss Champflower, her dignity starting up in stiffest armor at the notion.

"That's more than I can say, ma'am; but there be folks going in the world that be bad enough for anything, and they be generally those who do look as smooth and sweet as sugar and cream. I shouldn't be surprised if it's that oily-tongued fellow, Rolls, the confectioner. I caught him winking and grinning to his shop-boy the very last time I left the shop, and happened to look back; and he has a brother in London too!"

"I am quite sure no one in the town would have such unheard-of audacity," replied Miss Champflower solemnly.

Nevertheless, Keziah persisted in her theory, "It's just a piece of impudence."

CHAPTER II.

CRIMSON BOWS.

IT seemed to Miss Champflower very much below her serene dignity to allow that letter to ruffle any further her composure, and yet, do what she would, she could not feel exactly as she did before receiving it. Its arrival had, as it were, brought a breath of air into her closely-curtained life. It had somehow made a change in the atmosphere around her, for the slightest novelty is always in a singular degree stirring and unsettling to those who live in a groove of placid selfishness like Miss Champflower.

When Keziah had taken away the breakfast things, during which business she murmured at intervals sundry threats expressive of vengeance against the supposed offender, the luckless baker, such as, "He'll come with the first peal of bells, will he? I'll treat him to a peal of bells he won't forget, I warrant." When Keziah had thus relieved her mind simultaneously with clearing the table, Miss Champflower took her book, and sat down to begin to carry out, if possible, the plan she had laid out for her day. But try as she might, bits out of that letter would go on getting in among the sentences she was reading; one word especially in it would flit about from brain to heart and from heart to brain, waking up voices that had long ceased to sound upon earth, painting again forgotten scenes, calling up once familiar faces, and that one word was "Rosie." Long, long ago Rosamond Champflower had been called Rosie herself in tones of love that came from many sides, with smiles lighting up the places where

she went in and out; and now all the love and all the light was gone out of her life—gone because she herself had willed that they should go. Of course she did not fully realize this, this morning, but she had a dim, confused notion of something of the sort as the word "Rosie" rang softly round her—a notion that made her uneasy and vaguely sad and restless.

Thirty years ago Rosamond Champflower had been a very different woman from what she was now; the story of her life had had a very different coloring. She had, it is true, always been inclined to wrap herself up in self-indulgent indolence, but strong, warm affection had at that time kept the evil growth from gaining ground in her character. Her father had died when she was about twenty-three, leaving her the sole guardian of a little brother who was fifteen years younger than herself, and who was the child of a second marriage of old Mr. Champflower. Her father had been most tenderly devoted to Rosamond, prizing her always beyond even his little son; and when he died he left the whole management of his property in her hands, so wording his will that she could take away from her brother a considerable portion of his rightful inheritance if when he came of age he should do anything that made him in her estimation unworthy of it. The old man had done this in his great blind trust in his daughter's judgement.

For many years, however, there had seemed not the slightest probability of this part of Mr. Champflower's will being anything more than so much wasted ink. Young Edward Champflower's mother had died at his birth, and his elder sister Rosamond had at once filled her place, and had watched over the boy until every fibre of her heart had become entwined around him. But when Edward was twenty-two, Rosamond thirty seven, the young man had formed an attachment for a girl who could not boast of springing from so old a family as the Champflowers, and who, moreover, had no fortune to speak of. Rosamond had expressed her disapproval of the match in the most unmeasured terms; but her brother had persisted, and had married without his sister's consent the woman of his choice.

Then the want of any religious foundation to Miss Champflower's character began to show itself. Her brother's wife was, in reality, a rare treasure for any family to receive into its heart of hearts; but she cared nothing for her sweetness and goodness because she had not the wealth and high birth which she had made up her mind Edward's bride should have. She now used to the full the power given her by her father's will. She disinherited her brother as far as she could, and never forgave him or his wife. Edward Champflower had entered the ministry, and had gone as a missionary to Australia with his brave young bride at his side; and, as Miss Champflower had given up all com-

munication with them, she was not even aware whether either of them was still alive, or whether they had any children.

Miss Champflower's cold, hard pride brought upon her yet another loss besides her brother. At the time when Edward offended her by his choice of a wife, she herself had been engaged to be married to a noble, true-hearted man, close intimacy with whom would, very likely, in the course of years, have purged away much of the dross out of her character. But he had taken strongly her brother's part, and had refused to quarrel with him as she had done; hereupon Miss Champflower had broken off entirely her engagement. Hubert Armiger had borne the blow like a man and a Christian. He also had gone abroad to one of the colonies; Rosamond Champflower never chose to inquire which, and some years after news had reached her from a side channel that he was dead. Did her heart quiver in its stony sleep at the tidings? None knew if it did.

Soon after her quarrel with her brother Miss Champflower had sold the country house where she had lived with her father, and had established herself in the town of Bellminster, where she had remained ever since. Year by year her whole nature had deteriorated, year by year her character had become more and more petrified into utter selfishness. She had no friends unless poor Keziah might be counted as one; she joined in no single deed of love and mercy in the town; she rejoiced in hearing of the ill-doings of her neighbors, congratulating herself all the while on her own snug respectability. She observed, it is true, certain outward religious forms; but in them she grasped only a fair but cold dead body, from which for her the quickening spirit was gone. For Rosamond Champflower there was no Christmas brightness, no music of young laughter round the hearth, no joy of bringing Christmas warmth and gladness into chill, dark homes—homes in back alley or garret; no melody, such as even now still reaches the ears of the Master's own at Christmas-time, re-echoing from the angels' song of peace and goodwill; no light, such as streams from the manger of the Royal Babe over His people as each year they keep his birthday with a deeper and fuller happiness.

But to return to Miss Champflower on this particular Christmas-Eve of which we are speaking. After a while she found it really impossible to read, so she rose, and looked out of the window. As she stood there two neatly but poor dressed children came and lingered beneath, playing with some small toys which they had received at some school Christmas treat that had just gladdened their little hearts. One was a boy of seven, the other was younger, whose fourth Christmas this might be. There was something singularly touching in the sight of those children—in their joyous

triumph over trifles that would have been cast aside as rubbish in the nurseries of the rich; poor, bent tin apologies for horse or dog, which they hugged to their little hearts; in the scanty thinness of the garments that clothed each small limb, around which the east wind, that came rushing down the street, blew its pitiless best; in their patient, smiling endurance of its rough treatment. Miss Champflower saw nothing of the pathos of the little picture; she always gave it out as her opinion that the children of the poor were never meant to have any amusement, and that giving them toys was a mere bit of idle sentiment. Still her eyes did rest more tenderly on the youngest of the boys than it had rested on any child for a long while, for she fancied he was like what her brother was at his age. She had dreamt of Edward as he used to be in his baby-hood last night. Strange to say, whenever she did dream of him she always saw him as a child and never as a man; and always, while she slept, felt gently and lovingly towards him.

Miss Champflower's heart had been certainly slightly stirred in its death-like sleep by the sight of that once familiar word, "Rosie," but she resolved to do her best to give it an opiate at once, and so she left the window and rang the bell for Keziah, in order to tell her to make this afternoon a small pot of mincemeat—just enough for Miss Champflower's own eating. She was just saying "And be sure you chop the suet very fine, Keziah," when a shrill cry in the street drew her once more hastily to the window, with Keziah behind her, looking curiously over her shoulder. What they saw was the younger of the two children mourning piteously over the fragments of his toy, which he had let fall and broken. His brother was trying to pacify him by offering him his own, but the little fellow refused to be comforted.

"There's a fine end to one bit, at least of Mrs. Kingston's pretty charity fancy work," said Miss Champflower, in a tone of the most complete and placid satisfaction.

Mrs. Kingston was Miss Champflower's next door neighbor. She was a warm-hearted, kindly, Christian lady, who was at the head of everything done in the town to bring light and sweetness into the lives of the working classes and of the poor, and to lift them up nearer to their Father in heaven. She was generally beloved and looked up to, but she was a pet aversion of Miss Champflower. It was Mrs. Kingston, who had given the poor children of the town-schools their treat of Christmas toys.

"A bawling brat!" cried Keziah. "I'll run out and soon teach him to sing to another tune."

But before she could put this amiable intention into execution, a good Christmas fairy, or, at least, some one who seemed very like one, had come to the tiny mourner's help.

Forth from the next house, drawn apparently by the wailing of the child, came as winsome a figure as ever wove moonlight spell in woodland glade; the wavy grace of her slight form, in its close-fitting brown dress, had in it something of the charm of motion of a branch stirred by a light, brisk breeze; her face was all one sparkle, whether you looked at the dark, yet sunny eyes, or the wild blush-rose tint on her cheeks, or the smiles flashing and flitting about her red mouth. On her breast she wore a crimson ribbon, and a little bow of the same warm color was stuck coquettishly on one side of her black hair; her dress raised slightly with her hand to escape the mud of the street, showed the twinkle of bright buckles on her pretty feet; her whole figure seemed all aglow with light and energy. She caught up the crying child with a brisk yet graceful movement, and began to soothe and talk softly to it.

"Some friend of Mrs. Kingston's who is staying with her, I suppose, and who just suits her fancy," said Miss Champflower, with a supercilious smile.

"There's pretty behavior for a young lady, to go and pick up the first howling beggar-child in the street!" exclaimed Keziah, with a contemptuous toss.

The object of these comments was, happily, not even aware that her movements were being observed. She was much too busy to glance up at Miss Champflower's window. The baby, at first, stoutly refused all consolation; but Crimson-bows proved herself quite equal to the occasion. She danced back into the house, still holding in her arms the crying child, and in two minutes returned with him as entirely comforted as it is possible to imagine; the baby was munching, in calm ecstasy, a huge lump of cake. Then the young lady bent down to the elder boy, and began to talk to him with a soft, sympathetic light in her eyes.

Some half-hour after Crimson-bows might have been seen in the dark, cheerless garret, in a back-court, where these little ones had their home, showing herself just as brisk and ready here in bringing Christmas joy as she had been with the crying baby. The sick mother sat up drinking a cup of warm soup which Crimson-bows had brought. The father, a middle-aged, weather-beaten workman, who, on account of bad times in the town, was half the week out of employ, sat, with tears in his eyes, gazing at the provision for a Christmas dinner which now lay on the usually empty shelf. The two little boys were rejoicing, in a corner, over a brightly colored picture-book; and Crimson-bows herself, going hither and thither through the gloomy room like a stray sunbeam, now speaking a cheery word, now bending over the sick woman to ease her position, now telling the man of what the love of Him who came at Christmas means, was a sight to make the Christmas angels smile.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

THAT evening, just when the gray curtain of early winter twilight was falling on that Christmas Eve over Bellminster, a strange and wonderful thing happened in the house of Miss Champflower. A railway van called at her door, and delivered a large box. The servant-girl took it in, for just then Miss Champflower and Keziah were out, and great was their surprise on their return to find it standing in the hall. Miss Champflower was certainly expecting no box of any kind, as she declared loudly, but then this box bore most plainly outside her name and full address.

With eager curiosity mistress and servant opened the mysterious lid. What could be hidden beneath all this cunningly wedged-in mass of paper padding? Miss Champflower's hand went searching about inquisitively, and pulled out something. She gave a little scream as she held it up to the light of the candle. It was a grotesque paper mask.

"Why, dear me, whatever is that?" cried Keziah.

"I don't quite know," said Miss Champflower, turning the grinning face about between her fingers rather nervously. "It's something horrid and odd, I think."

Keziah now put in her hand in her turn, and took out a popgun, which went off in her unwary grasp, and made her start and cry out.

"How can such extraordinary disagreeable things have been sent me?" exclaimed Miss Champflower, in indignant plaintive surprise.

"That's more than my headpiece can answer, ma'am," replied Keziah. "It's like Maze Monday in our house to-day. First that imperent letter, and then this here box. But we'll go further into the brains of it before we've done."

Keziah's next discovery was a doll with a sadly tumbled muslin petticoat.

"There's a bit of trumpery finery for you," was her remark. "Dear me! whoever could have wasted their time in packing up such a lot of rubbish?"

"Well, in all the years that I have lived in Bellminster I never experienced such a Christmas Eve as this!" cried Miss Champflower, her cheeks growing more and more flushed as the mysterious box revealed more and more of its incomprehensible contents.

"We shall have all Troy town here by-and-by," said Keziah, as she brought to light a prancing wooden horse and a gayly painted parrot.

Miss Champflower sat down, as though overcome by the unpleasant novelty of the situation. Keziah persevered in her task of emptying the box, and before long the two elderly spinsters were cur-

rounded by a whole nursery full of rattles, whistles, balls, tops, jumping mice, squeaking dogs, climbing monkeys, and nine-pins. They were a comical sight enough, as they sat gazing blankly now at each other, now at this strange addition to their household effects, with their perplexed minds looking out of their bewildered eyes.

"There must certainly be some mistake about the box," said Miss Champflower at length. "I shall send down to the railway station, and see if we can make anything out about it."

Keziah shook her head, and murmured something to the effect that, in her opinion, it would be no use, for impudence had to do with the box as well as the letter; but Miss Champflower sent to the station nevertheless. She received no light from thence, however; the officials could only state that the box had arrived, by goods-train, addressed to Miss Champflower, as she herself had seen, and that they had forwarded it to her in their van accordingly. Miss Champflower and Keziah had, therefore, to go to bed that Christmas Eve with the box and its contents under their roof, and with the strange mystery quite unsolved.

Just at the time when Keziah and her mistress were in their deepest wonder over the box, the lady of the crimson-bows was standing at her window in the next house. A big round Christmas moon was just rising over the town, turning the church spires to shafts of silver, and the girl, as she looked up at it, kissed a ring that shone on her finger, and blushed softly, while the moonbeams shed a tender halo round her; blushed softly, and whispered a prayer.

It was Christmas morning, and all the air was full of a great golden harmony of bells, that went and came in waves of melody upon the frosty breeze; and hearts that had their cradles of child-like faith and steadfast love ready to receive the Heavenly Babe sent up their silent, joyous anthem; and carols were ringing, and holly-berries were gleaming star-like, and homes where there was fulness of brightness and of music were pouring them out, in the dear Master's name, on homes where there was none.

Miss Champflower sat alone with vague perfumes from Christmas Days long ago floating round her in spite of herself; for that word "Rosie" was still echoing softly in her heart. There was a ring at the front-door bell and, half glad of the slight distraction, she went to answer it. She knew Keziah was out having a Christmas gossip with a neighbor, and that the servant-girl was deep in sauce-pans in the most remote kitchen regions. When she opened the door, there stood before her a middle-aged gentleman dressed like a clergyman, and a much younger gentleman in the uniform of a naval officer. On the clergyman's thoughtful face was written a story—a story of chastening, a story of love and blessing; in the

young sailor's handsome face was the bright sunrise of early manhood.

The moment that Miss Champflower and the clergyman saw each other they stood as if spell-bound. At first, the expression in their faces was utter amazement; then a great light suddenly dawned in the man's eyes, while Miss Champflower's cheeks turned as pale as the snow-flakes that were just beginning to fall, and she leant against the wall for support.

"Rosamond!" he exclaimed, and made a glad, hasty movement towards her.

She murmured the name of "Edward," beneath her breath, but made a motion with her hand, as though to keep him back; the ice round her heart was only beginning to give way.

"Rosamond!" he cried again, with exceeding bitter anguish in his tone, "has not God yet let you learn to forgive?"

Still she made no answer.

"O Rosamond!" he went on, "listen at least, while I tell you a message I have brought for you across the sea. When we came back to England two years ago I went to look for you at the old place to give this message, but I could find no trace, no tidings of you there; now God has suddenly brought me face to face with you in a house where I am come to join my daughter, and it shall be delivered."

"A message?" she whispered, while her lips began to quiver.

"Rosamond, Hubert came and settled near us in Australia, and when he died, it was in my arms, and just at the last he said 'Tell Rosie' (a cry as at the going out of an evil spirit burst from her at that word) 'Tell Rosie I died loving and blessing her; tell her I have never ceased to pray for her; tell her to meet me in heaven.'"

Then all the woman's heart came to life at once, as with a warm blast of wind sent down from God, and she lay sobbing in her brother's arms.

Meanwhile the young sailor, who had at first stood gazing in extreme bewilderment at the unexpected scene, had caught a glimpse of a black hat with a little crimson feather in it passing down the street. He had, thereupon, apparently ceased to take any further interest in the matter, and had hurried out to meet the wearer of the hat, in whose society he seemed to have found something singularly satisfying and engrossing; for he was still deep in it when Edward Champflower came out to look for him.

Soon after that, Rosamond and Edward Champflower, the lady of the crimson bows, who was another Rosamond Champflower, and Edward's daughter, and Harry Western, that daughter's promised husband, and a lieutenant in the navy, were all sitting in Christmas sunshine in Miss Champflower's drawing room. Everything was now explained, even the mystery of the thirty-seven babies.

Edward's wife had died in Australia, leaving him with this one child, with whom he had returned to England two years ago, and had settled down as a curate in a remote parish in Cornwall. There father and daughter had done brave work for God, and there young Rosamond had become engaged to Harry Western, a neighbor's son. Mr. Champflower and Harry had gone to London this Christmas, leaving Rosamond at Bellminster on their way to spend a few days with Mrs. Kingston, who had met her at a mutual friend's house in Devonshire. One of their commissions in London had been to get toys for a Christmas tree for Rosamond's school children, and especially for her infant school of thirty-seven so-called babies. Harry Western had mistaken the number of Mrs. Kingston's house, and this was how it happened that Miss Champflower received the letter and the box of toys both meant for her niece, and the two gentlemen had come to Miss Champflower's instead of to Mrs. Kingston's.

All this happened many Christmases ago. Rosamond Champflower is an old woman now, but she knows what Christmas joy and Christmas love for God and man mean. This Christmas Captain Western is at home with his wife, and Edward Champflower and he are sitting among what they called their rose garden, their rose garden for which they send up glad Christmas thanksgiving; old Aunt Rose, and Rose the wife and mother, and little Rosie, now laughing on her father's knee, now standing with bright, earnest face at her uncle's side, as he tells the story of the shepherds and the angels.

A CHILD'S MISSION.

OF what use am I in the world?" is the unspoken thought of many a heart. Years ago it was often uppermost in mine, but I was brought to think differently by a little story I once came across, and which proved that even the poorest and most insignificant of God's subjects has a mission of some sort to fulfill on earth, whether they are aware of it or not.

On a bitterly cold night in mid-winter, when the blinding sleet had only ceased to give place to a silent downfall of snow that covered the ground with its white mantle, a night on which few would by choice venture out of their homes unless necessity compelled them, a child of some nine years of age wandered up and down a London street, singing over and over again a song she had learnt in happier days, with the vain hope of touching one heart in the crowd by her pleading notes.

"She was only a childish singer, but her voice was so low and sweet
That it fell like a wild bird's carol, 'mid the din
of that busy street."

The people who passed heard her, and some few noticed the rough golden head on which the gas-lights streamed, and the pale child-face which looked so anxiously round for one friend to pity her. But the night was too cold for dawdling about, and beyond the voice of a policeman, who occasionally bade her "move on," no one spoke to the little outcast, for whom the glory of childhood seemed to have been so soon over-shadowed.

In the same street a very different scene was being enacted. In a room, surrounded by every comfort that love and fore-thought could devise, a child was lying on his pillow, wearily waiting for the angel of sleep to touch his tired eyes with the beautiful flowers that she carries round to the children every night. From side to side the little one tossed, whilst his mother watched, with sorrow too deep for words, the pain no efforts of hers could calm, no words of hers allay.

Rest seemed to have gone from him, and the weary eyes were bright with a strange light nothing could render dim.

The window was slightly open to admit air into the fever-stricken room, and suddenly from the street below floated a childish voice, singing a sweet refrain that the sick child had never heard before.

He turned his questioning eyes on his mother, but she could give him no answer, but 'mid her tears could only watch anxiously and yet thankfully the sudden change that came over the flushed face. He raised his head to listen for a moment, then folded his hands on his breast and smiled peacefully, listening quietly to the cadence that met his failing ears:—

"And it seemed to him that the music came from
the Land above,
"And he fell asleep, to waken in the realms of
Heavenly love."

Down in the street below the little wanderer finished her song, and sat down unheeded on the steps of a house whose door was shut upon her misery. But her mission was completed, although she knew it not.

A child-angel came softly through the darkness, with wings whiter than the snow-drifts, and, bending over her, laid a lovely white asphodel blossom in her hand, whispering as he did so, "As I passed the Golden gates of Heaven to-night, leave was granted me to return to earth and bring one comrade from its shadow into the Light beyond. Your song was my password into the beautiful Land, and it has gained you the reward that all the weary seek, the endless reward of rest."

Then—

"Two angel spirits floated, across the golden
tide,
For Heav'n will stoop to cherish what earth would
cast aside."

"HER CHARACTER."

THE scene here presented illustrates a phase of German life. It is from a picture by Bakker Korff, entitled the "Dienst-Atteste," on Servant's Character, and belongs to the realistic

cleverly indicated in the pose of the rheumatic old head, the momentary abstraction of the eye, and a certain expressive arrangement of the muscles about the mouth. But it is plain that this little tenderness, and the touch of independence in the upright little woman's whole attitude, have decided the fate of her application for "service."



THE "DIENST-ATTESTE."

school, which is always popular with a very large class.

Every German citizen, from the date of the certificate of his baptism to that of his burial, is the subject of a police record, and servants carry copies of this record about with them, bound in a book. The whole story of their lives is officially recorded and vouched in these books—their behavior at school; their prizes or punishments; their successive services, and the remarks of each of their employers—in chronological order, each entry being officially attested by the police, who have a copy of it. Nobody would think of engaging a servant who was not provided with a perfectly consecutive "Dienst-Atteste."

We are to suppose that, unfortunately for the worthy old lady now in question, her collection of vouchers—the product of long years of hard and honest labor—is not without its flaw, over which the two critics of her sex look grave. The allusion to it has stirred up tender memories, very

MOTHER-LOVE.

BY FANNY FALES.

TO-MORROW, or some other morrow, when
I'm dead

I cannot say, I love thee, love thee dear,
And if I could I know not you would hear,
Though I were near enough to touch your head

And so, to-day I breathe it from my heart—
By drops of words its depth you cannot tell—
Thirst not for mother-love beside the well,
Take from my hand a draught ere I depart.

And, if in time my memory should be,
Distant and faint, like a receding star;
Yet all the universe would fail to bar
Thy mother's soul from coming unto thee.



IN the pleasing hope of rendering some little assistance towards making bright and joyful the Christian's great anniversary of the proclamation, "Peace on earth, good will towards men," we venture to offer a few hints for Christmas decorations.

The pleasant work of decorating in the country is comparatively easy compared to the same thing in town. There, when one's stock of materials is exhausted, a run into the garden or a stroll along the lane is all that is required to replenish it; while in the town every branch of evergreen, every trail of ivy has to be paid for, and the price is high enough to make a large purchase a very expensive matter. Therefore it behoves us the "pale-eyed denizens of the city," to avail ourselves of any and every means of practising economy.

Pre-eminent amongst our materials is the holly. Unfortunately, it is always dear in towns, and sometimes this time-honored friend of decorators

fails altogether as far as its chief attraction—its berries—is concerned. It is quite unnecessary to pay more than a trifling sum for the berries, as imitations can be made which answer all the purposes of the real ones, and at a very small cost.

Amongst the many methods adopted the following will be found the easiest: ivy berries or dried

peas dyed red (a ten cent bottle of dye will be sufficient for a very large quantity); or putty, rolled into little balls and colored either in the same way or in a solution of sealing-wax mixed with spirits of wine; or red wax, to be bought at an oil shop, and shaped into berries, after slightly softening before the fire. There are many different sorts of red berries to be had in the autumn, which, by soaking in strong salt and water, will keep till Christmas time, and may well pass for holly. And, lastly, easiest of all, artificial berries are sold in bunches very cheaply at most toy shops.

With all this choice at our disposal and a little judicious management a great deal can be done with a few of the commonest evergreens; a room may be made to look very pretty with only a little laurel, ivy, and holly; but any others which may be obtainable will be useful in giving a variety of effect; amongst them may be mentioned the box, arbor vitae, and ivy.

Some artificial berries are hard to admit of stalks being added, and will only be available for gumming on to a flat surface. Where stalks are required the soft berries must be chosen, and a little fine wire inserted.

The decorator must not fail to provide herself with some of the bunches of dry moss which is sold at all florists; also with the necessary implements—string, wire, and strong glue.

The effect of snow is easily obtained, and gives a very seasonable air to the decorations. For a flat background white wadding answers very well, but for an object standing out, such as a statuette, the fine soft wool called jeweler's cotton is required. The wool should be first tied on with thread all over the top edges and wherever snow would be likely to lodge. It must then be pulled out, and made to look as light and natural as possible, hanging down in irregular points and masses over any projecting parts. The effect of snow may be obtained on branches and leaves of evergreens with less trouble by coating the upper surface with gum, and then sprinkling thickly with flour.

Trees sparkling with hoar frost are always a lovely sight in winter, and this effect of frost or rime can easily be procured by artificial means. Drop gum upon the wool, wherever frost would naturally form, and sprinkle coarse Epsom salts over it. The surfaces of leaves and twigs may be coated in the same way, and, as an alternative for Epsom salts, frosted glass, ready crushed, is sold; but a much less expensive contrivance is to pound roughly, or crush with a garden roller, any pieces of glass, such as old bottles, which have been saved up during the summer for this purpose. Cardboard letters, for mottoes, can be crystallized in the same way, and look well on a background of leaves or colored flannel.

Another method of crystallizing, which is more useful for some purposes, is to dip the objects in a

solution of alum. On one pound of alum, pour a quart of boiling water. Whilst still warm, suspend the leaves in it by a string tied round the stalks; leave them in for twenty-four hours and then hang them up till dry. Large and beautiful crystals are formed, but the effect is less like real frost than by employing the other means. If a wreath or festoon is to be thus crystallized, it must be made up first, and then immersed in the alum, as it is impossible to handle it much afterwards, without breaking off the crystals.

Everlasting flowers are very useful indeed in adding color to our devices. If a suitable natural color cannot be obtained, the flowers may be easily dyed; red, violet, or yellow being the most useful colors. Mixed with the green in wreaths and garlands, or sewn thickly over cardboard shapes for letters, these are very effective. Grasses dyed in the same way will also be useful, particularly the splendid heads of Pampas grass. These latter, dyed crimson, are most beautiful objects.

Letters and borderings should be first cut out in strong cardboard, and then ornamented in various ways. A novel method is to coat the letter thickly over with gum, and then sprinkle it with pieces of broken walnut shells, or to fasten them on whole in rows. A similar effect is produced by cutting up old corks, and sprinkling their fragments on a gummed surface.

The methods of making ornamental letters for mottoes or monograms are innumerable, and the choice will depend upon the position they are to occupy. If near the eye they must be carefully and neatly done. Cardboard letters, with small leaves sewn thickly all over them, look well, but it is a long task; the background should be first covered with green or red paper or cloth, to show through between the letters. Silvery letters, too, are pretty, made of tinfoil. Cut a piece of the tinfoil to something like the shape of the letter, but larger, and crumple it up in the hand; then straighten it out slightly, but so as still to preserve the crinkled appearance, and lay it lightly over the card letter, fastening it at the back. Others are covered with everlasting flowers, sewn firmly on to a foundation of cardboard; or if they are required strong enough to last for future occasions, of perforated zinc.

Very pretty letters, in imitation of coral, are made by coating the shapes with gum, as above, and sprinkling them with rice or, better still, tapioca; they will generally require two coats to give them the proper rough look. Sometimes the rice is first dyed red, which looks very pretty; for a monogram it is a good plan to have each letter a different color, which will make them more legible than they usually are.

A word as to cutting out the letters may be useful. It is most important that they should all be the same size; this is not so much a matter of course as would appear to the uninitiated, but is

easily managed. Decide first how many inches in height and width each letter is to occupy, then cut out a number of pieces of paper or cardboard of these dimensions, and all of exactly the same size, and by taking one of these for each letter they are sure to be correct. The smaller they are the simpler they should be in design, as if elaborately formed letters are used for small mottoes, they will not be legible, and their chief charm will be lost.

The border of mottoes will depend on the color and texture of the background and letters; but it must not be so obtrusive as to detract from the effect of the sentiment it frames. A simple and pretty border is easily made of a double or treble row of holly leaves stitched or nailed on according to the material; the point of each leaf must overlap and hide the stalk of the last one. A more durable one can be made with cork or nut shells, as described for the letters.

Red is the favorite color for the background of mottoes and scrolls; Turkey twill, cheap flannel, or glazed lining being generally employed for the purpose; but where the position is too high up for close inspection colored paper does equally well.

For devices such as an anchor, shield, or Maltese cross, moss makes a capital foundation for further ornamentation. It must be stitched on in tufts, and afterwards arranged with the fingers till the surface looks uniformly covered. Letters of bright everlasting flowers or small red rosettes on a background of moss are very pretty.

Before beginning to decorate it is well to have a plan in one's mind, more or less matured, for the general arrangement. In forming this design, be careful not to overdo it, or the result will be a heavy and crowded effect, which is anything but beautiful. A little tasteful decoration is much more pleasing than an excessive amount.

Wreaths and garlands in a room should not be too thick, but a light, graceful effect must be aimed at. In making them, there should always be two persons at work together. Having cut the rope to the required length, one should hold it and bind on the twigs which the other arranges and hands to her; if there is only one worker, she has constantly to lay down the rope while she seeks out suitable pieces, which not only hinders her very much, but probably mars the symmetry of the wreath. For churches and public rooms a number of large, rough wreaths and ropes of green are usually required for adorning pillars and windows. These should be left to the last, as the *débris* from the small wreaths and more delicate devices will do for them. They should be made on stout rope, and the bunches of green tied round it with string.

If it is wished to ornament a pier glass or other article of furniture likely to be injured by the green, a thin lath of wood should be obtained to fit the top of the glass, to which all the decorations

are fixed, thus preventing their contact with the gilt frame or glass. If possible some long trailing pieces of ground ivy or other creepers should be fastened on to this lath, as their reflection in the mirror is exceedingly pretty; these should be quite short in the middle, getting longer towards each side, till the outside ones should be long enough to reach to the bottom of the frame.

A lath may be arranged in the same way over doors, but in this case, of course, there must be trailing pieces at the sides only. This is a suitable place, too, for a motto, as it can rest on the ledge over the door, and so avoid injuring the wall with nails.

In decorating a chandelier, only light materials should be chosen, and few of them, or their weight is likely to drag it down, besides casting an unpleasant shadow. A graceful effect may be obtained by twisting round the stem of the chandelier a very slight wreath of ivy, made on thin wire, and having a few of the leaves frosted.

If there is a large space of bare walls, wreaths can be made, light enough to be affixed with strong pins instead of nails, by stitching laurel, other large leaves, or dried fern leaves on a length of tape. The leaves shown be sewn on two at a time, one pointing to the right and the other to the left, and they must slightly overlap each other where the stalks meet, or, better still, let the juncture be hidden by a good-sized red rosette.

We venture to urge the desirability of not leaving decorations up too long.

SIMON KINGLEY OF SAN MINETOS.

BY L. J. DAKIN, AUTHOR OF "GEMMIE AT THE BIG TREES."

WHEN people said that Mr. Kingley fairly lived in his orchard, they did not mean so much, that the little cabin where he ate and slept stood in a corner of this same orchard, as that all his pride and enthusiasm and consequently all his thoughts were centered in his fruit trees.

He had commenced setting out his orchard as early as the fall of '54 when there was not much fruit grown in California. He had been accustomed to the slow growth of trees in the East; and when his wee peach trees lifted themselves in their might and grew so rapidly and luxuriously, bearing fruit so much sooner than he had dreamed of, when his apple trees shook themselves and laughed in their leaves at his astonishment, as they stretched up as high and broad in two years as he had expected them to do in six, they took his heart by storm. How could he help being delighted.

Year after year he increased his number of peach and apple-trees as he heard of new varie-

ties, for he could not hear of one without a desire to try it. His nectarine, apricot, almond and walnut trees were wonderfully fine, his fig-trees and grape vines bore fruit of high renown. But how could anything help being of the best when so zealously cared for; so dug about, irrigated, thinned, trimmed, pruned, budded and grafted.

If you met Mr. Kingley on the street, you would notice a far away, absorbed look in his eyes, and you would know he was studying some new plan for improving his pets; but if you spoke to him that "inside look" quickly vanished and he responded heartily. If, however, the new plan was of more than common importance, he turned in again directly and you might talk on for half-an-hour, while his "yes" and "no" would generally come in at the right place, yet were often enough so wide of the mark as to cause you to think him somewhat absent-minded at least.

One morning his friend, Mr. Colcoth, happened to be passing the little picket gate which led into "Kingley's Eden," as the grounds were sometimes called, and he bethought himself to go in and see what had become of its owner whom he had not seen down town for a day or two. He found him just finishing the work of setting out a new row of peach trees.

"Ah, Kingley," said he, "This is the reason you have not been down for your daily paper. I thought perhaps you might be sick."

"Oh, no, not sick; only very busy with budding and setting out my trees," replied Mr. Kingley as he picked up his garden tools. "I am through now so come into the house and I will be ready to walk down with you soon."

His house or cabin, was like a bower of roses, for the roof was so low, the cloth-of-gold as well as the regular climbers had reached its top and were stretching stray arms above the ridge pole in the vain endeavor to reach something that should take them still higher. Oleanders, pinks, violets and other fragrant flowers bordered the pathways to the door, for whatever enthusiasm Simon Kingley had to spare from his fruit trees was freely expended on floriculture.

On entering, Mr. Kingley set out a dish of pressed figs and some nuts for his friend's entertainment; and then took his ledger from the book-case, and turned to some pages on which were a plan of his orchard.

"So your neighbor, Mr. Evans, has moved away," said Mr. Colcoth, beginning to talk as well as eat.

"Has he? I knew he was going but did not know he had got away yet," answered Simon as he sharpened his pencil and began to make a row of crosses; taking great care that they should be exactly half-an-inch apart, for they represented the row of new peach trees which he had just planted.

"Oh, yes, Evans has gone, and the persons who bought the place have moved in. And what do you think—they are ladies; mother and daughter, and both widows. Curious, isn't it? But Mrs. Franklin the mother has been a widow for a long time; while her daughter, Mrs. Delma, was married just before they started from the East and her husband was killed by an Indian over the mountains where they stopped for awhile. Too bad, wasn't it? That was over a year ago, and since that they've been living near the Merced until now—the daughter has secured the place of assistant teacher in our school. My wife ran in there last night to offer a neighborly turn; and she likes them very much. She thinks Mrs. Delma, Beatrice, her mother calls her, will make a splendid teacher. Mrs. Franklin says children always did love her daughter, she shows very plainly that she thinks there is nobody in the world quite so good as Beatrice.

"Good as Beatrice," repented Mr. Kingley coming out of his meditations just in time to hear the last three words. "Well, perhaps there are many varieties just as good, but then the Beatrice is early; and I want the earliest in market. The Early Crawford now, is a delicious rich peach, of lovely color too. I think very highly of the Crawford, very highly indeed; but I wish I had secured the Beatrice two years ago."

"I wish you had, Simon," said Mr. Colcoth smiling very broadly as he took in the situation.

"You will see in two years from now, that I have reason to think as well of the Beatrice as I do of the Crawford," continued the unconscious Simon as he glanced affectionately at the row of crosses which represented peach-trees and wrote at the end of them the magic name—"Beatrice."

"No doubt of it," responded Colcoth as he stepped hastily through the open door shaking with suppressed laughter; and as he would not allow his risibilities to take their natural course he was seized with a severe fit of coughing.

"Why, Colcoth, you must have the epizootic—you cough like it," said my simple Simon coming out and locking his door. "I have heard that it is very prevalent all over the country among people as well as horses."

"It must be I have a touch of something," admitted Colcoth chokingly as he moved away with a very red face, and wondering within himself whether it would be possible to keep so good a joke a profound secret till he should see what came of it.

There was a lane leading to the reservoir beyond Mr. Kingley's orchard, and it was only this lane that separated his land from the Widow Franklin's late purchase. It was not much used, though Simon often passed through it when going toward the west end of town as it was the nearest way; and the Superintendent of the Consolidated Ditch

Company passed once or twice a week on his way to the reservoir to look at the pipes and shut off or let on the water.

There was a gate from the Widow's garden leading into this grassy by-way and each side of her gate was a row of blackberry bushes growing close to the fence. Mr. Evans had neglected to prune and tie up these bushes for a year or more before he went away, so they were tangling themselves together in every direction. Mrs. Franklin being very fond of the berry thought she would trim them herself, and get them into such shape as she had seen her neighbors do on the Merced. She took good care, however, not to tell her daughter what she intended to do, as Beatrice would be sure to hire a gardener instead of letting her have her own way about it.

So one morning after Beatrice was safely away at school, Mrs. Franklin took her pruning shears and began her task. Now she had a habit of talking aloud when by herself, especially if anything worried her, and these blackberry briers did vex her immeasurably in the end. "I shall put up quantities of blackberries this year, I like to open a can any time I'm a mind to. I shall make jam, too, and put plenty of sugar in; if there's anything I like it's blackberry jam."

She said this in a gentle purring monotone as she made various clips and cuts at the bristling branches that stood rampart, ready for battle. Something clutched her about the ankles, and she looked down. Her skirts were twisted close about her and held by encircling briers all armed to the teeth, or all armed with teeth, just as you please.

"Oh, dear me! I ought to have begun to prune at the bottom, then they would'n't have caught me this way, would they? But experience must be paid for, and I can't expect to pay less than my share."

Then she tried to step back and stoop over to undo the awkward prickly things. At this double movement they caught her off guard. They scratched her hands, tore her sleeves, lifted her sun-bonnet from her head and then fastened themselves in her hair in such a way as made it seem impossible to free herself.

"Oh, what nasty briers—I might have known better—How can I get out? I ought to have tied my bonnet tight. What shall I do, what shall I do?"

Mr. Kingley coming through his gate into the lane in his preoccupied way, responded hastily, supposing the voice addressed to him.

"I don't know, I'm sure, madam," and then he saw a tall, slender woman with a flushed face and hair caught up at various points, by various points.

"My goodness, madam, let me help you; that is such tormenting work for a lady. But I would really like to trim them for you—just the business

that suits me," and in the kindness of his heart, my simple Simon began to unlatch the gate ready to rush to the rescue like a good knight of the nineteenth century.

"No, no, no!" cried the woman vehemently. "Don't come in, I don't want your help! I wasn't talking to you; haven't you any sense?"

Simon opened his mouth to expostulate, but a second thought showed him that she really would think herself best served by being left to fight her own way out. So he hurried away without once looking behind him. But for several weeks after this he avoided the lane feeling when he thought of it, as though Mrs. Franklin were still there held fast by her hair and growing desperate for fear he would see her. When in fact the poor woman had with much impatience and perseverance cut off the clinging branches and finally got them detached, though she had to wear some of them into the house to the looking glass before she could tell where they were or how to unfasten them. The next morning she told Beatrice she thought that they had best get a gardener to come and trim their blackberry vines.

The incident finally faded from Simon's absent mind and he passed in and out of the lane as usual. It must have been three months after this, that his attention was attracted by some of the widow's peach trees being in rather a bad condition and he paused at her gate thinking how differently they would have looked if he could have had the pruning of them.

As he glanced along the rows his eyes were caught by the figure of a young lady standing at the farther end of the path, near the little back porch.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed Simon, "she is beckoning to me quite frantically, may be the house is on fire."

Without more ado, my simple Simon rushed through the gate looking quickly this way and that for flame and smoke as he ran; but seeing nothing he instinctively slackened his pace and glanced again at the lady. She was standing erect, her eyes fixed on the swaying branches, her hands still flying about with almost incredible swiftness. Her fingers touched her shoulders, then flew into the air at right angles, then one hand smote her breast, then the other hand, then both together.

Mr. Kingley suddenly remembered how he had played "Bean porridge hot!" when he was a boy. Perhaps this was some kind of a game, any way he must get back without attracting her attention if possible. He tried to move noiselessly, but it was too late—she saw him and her hands dropped by her sides, while her wide grey eyes were fixed upon him inquiringly.

"Good evening, madam, I—I thought—" he stammered and then hesitated; it would never do to tell her he thought she was beckoning to him.

His face grew hot, and he felt as awkward as a boy.

"I thought," he began again, "that it might be Mr. Evan's left his garden tools here and he used to have a rake just right to pass between strawberry vines. I would like to borrow it."

"Yes, sir, you will be welcome to it, and I think you will find it in the shed there close to the door." Her clear, steadfast eyes seemed to read and question his pretence.

"You are sure you will not wish to use it before to-morrow evening?" he questioned, "Because I can get on quite well with my own, only it is a trifle wide."

"Oh, no, I should not use it as I do not get much time for the garden, excepting Saturdays, when out of school."

So there was no help for it, he had to pass on toward the shed feeling very insignificant indeed. To think that he should appear before her in the light of a borrower. He disliked borrowers and very rarely in his life had he been obliged to ask for the loan of tools or money, and never before of a stranger.

"Thank you, madam, I will return it to-morrow evening," said he lifting his hat as he passed her again, the rake seeming to be more heavy and unmanageable than a dozen ought to have been.

"What must she think of me?" he said to himself over and over again as he went through his orchard, and for the first time in his life did not consciously see a single tree. He carried the rake into the house and put it in a corner, then sat himself down in his big arm-chair and said again: "What must she think of me?"

But after all, there was to-morrow when he would have to carry it back, and he began to comfort himself with the hope that he could then acquit himself of any suspicion of idiotism that might now be entertained concerning him. His strawberries were just getting ripe. How would it do to carry the ladies a box? It would be a neighborly act, but what would she think of it?

Just how much work he accomplished among his vegetables, vines and trees the next day, he could not have told, but he did not use the rake, he had plenty of his own. So why should he use hers? And why should he take it up and look at it every time he went into the house? He could not have told that either.

But when four o'clock came and the scholars went shouting by from school, and he was sure that Mrs. Delma would have had time to get home, he took it over his shoulder, and a box of strawberries in his hand, and crossing the lane he went down between the rows of peach trees, looking eagerly for Beatrice. As no one was in sight however he placed the rake in the shed, and then knocked at the door. It was opened almost immediately by a tall elderly lady whom Simon

suddenly recollected to have seen caught in the blackberry briars. Would she be vexed and command him to go away this time as she did before? No, she bowed pleasantly but gave no evidence of recognition.

"I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Franklin, I suppose," he said a little clumsily, "I am your neighbor Kingley, I borrowed a rake of a lady in the garden yesterday, I have just returned it to its place in the shed. By way of thanks I have brought you some early strawberries which I hope you will accept."

"We are much obliged, we are so fond of ripe berries and these look delicious. Please take a seat while I empty your box," she said pleasantly.

Just then Beatrice entered the room and Mrs. Franklin gave Mr. Kingley a formal introduction to her for which he was very thankful.

They praised his fine fruit, and he began to inform them as to his mode of culture. From strawberries he was easily led to a dissertation on other fruit, and from fruit to flowers, so that an hour flew quickly away where he had hoped he might possibly stay twenty minutes.

At last my simple Simon went home wonderfully elated with the idea that he had acquitted himself in so sensible a manner as should efface that first impression from the mind of young Mrs. Delma. At least he supposed that was what made him so happy.

"Her mother called her Beatrice, it is a lovely name and I quite like it; that is the same as my new trees," he said magnanimously, as he was carefully inspecting his latest acquisition.

That evening when he opened his ledger to make some entry, he turned to the plan of his orchard and before he realized what he was doing he had written "Beatrice" over every cross representing the new early peach trees.

Mr. Kingley was quite right the day before when he thought Beatrice had distrusted his pretence of borrowing. She had noticed his unaccountable embarrassment, and the sudden relief expressed in his countenance when he had thought of the rake, convinced her that it was a new thought just entering his mind. But if so, what had he come for? That mystery brought him into her thoughts more than once before his second call; and immediately after he was gone she went into the little shed and took up the wonderful rake and looked at it closer and more carefully than Simon had ever done, and she saw twisted about one of the teeth, a shining thread of grey silk.

"Well, I had forgotten all about this," she said to herself laughing as she unwound it, "and I really did not expect to find a clue that would tell me anything, but this does. He did not want the rake for he has not used it; this thread is as clean as when I carelessly caught it out of mama's fringe the other day. Then what *did* he come for?"

"He is a man of some education and considerable intelligence I think, Beatrice," said her mother as she sat complacently hulling the strawberries. She had never told her daughter of that episode among the blackberry vines. Talking aloud when alone was one of her weaknesses, and she did not like any one to overhear and ridicule her as she thought a stranger might. So when Mr. Kingley gave no sign that he had the faintest recollection of the incident she was prepared to be well pleased with him.

"He has plenty of common sense, I dare say," responded her daughter who was sedulously buttering the toast and thinking "What did he come for then?"

Mr. Kingley continued to call occasionally on his lady neighbors but the reason of his coming was always quite apparent. Sometimes he brought a rare flower for their garden, sometimes fruit; even a book or magazine served as an excuse, so that Beatrice never needed to puzzle herself again as to why he came.

His friend Colcoth was delighted, and told his wife he thought he should "die-a-laughing," when he went up to call on Simon and found him in his neighbor's yard learning to play croquet.

"Why," said he, "I thought Simon would turn into a crab-tree when he grew old, but now he has renewed his youth and never will grow old. I didn't have to wait two years to find out what he thought of Beatrice! ha, ha!"

At the close of the school there was an exhibition given by the scholars. Mr. Kingley attended it and was much interested in all the exercises, for happy young faces are as pleasant to look upon as choice flowers. But there was one exercise which he seemed to find peculiarly attractive.

Mrs. Delma's class in calisthenics was called, when twenty little girls all dressed in white came upon the stage. One as leader stood alone while the others formed a half circle opposite her. Beatrice sat at the piano and struck the chords of a lively little tune, when out flew the arms of every little lass—"about, above, across, over, against, along"—how can you describe the motions of a class in calisthenics.

"Oh, that is what she was doing!" thought Simon, "What a fool I was! but then if it had not been for that I never should have noticed her enough to tell how very lovely and loveable she is."

Mr. Kingley awoke to the claims of the world outside of his orchard more and more, and never again rode his hobby quite so zealously as he had once done. Nevertheless he was much delighted when at the end of a year he could carry a few of those earliest peaches to their namesake across the lane. And the second year there was so much fruit on the wonderful trees, there was more than enough for home use. For Simon had a home; the little cabin was torn down and a beautiful new house

stood in its place; while Mr. Colcoth was telling a long preserved joke to every one who would listen.

From the Stockton *Independent* of that date we have clipped a marriage notice, thinking it might interest those who have read this story:

In this city, June 20th, by Rev. L. S. Flock, Simon Kingley of San Minetos to Beatrice Delma, formerly of Mt. Holyoke, Mass.

TWO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

CHAPTER I.

I envy people their children, Susie!"

"Then you envy me mine, I suppose!"

"Yes. And I really think, joking apart, that you might give me one of your little ones. Little Jackie, say! You have another boy."

"Jackie is my baby."

"One of the little girls, then?"

But the young mother shook her head. Four little ones she had; nevertheless, she could not think for a moment of parting with one of them, even to her dear and only sister.

How wonderfully and mysteriously we sometimes mark and shape out our own destinies, and even the destinies of others, by a few unthinking words, which are, it may be, never remembered again.

It was a lovely afternoon, late in summer. Laura Ashburnham and her sister had been standing by the open window of a good-sized sitting-room. The window was gay with abundance of flowers—belonging, however, to the landlady—and the house itself was a very pretty one, situated close to the high road, at the entrance of the country town of Malling. In this house Miss Ashburnham rented three rooms, and kept a day-school—her sole means of support.

She was two-and-twenty years old, rather above middle height, fair, with brown hair, and deep and tender blue eyes. Thoughtfully she sat down now, and leaning her arms upon the window-board, looked out upon the little patch of garden, her face set in a frame of fuchsias and pelargoniums. And her sister had grown thoughtful also, and was looking, not at the garden, but at her.

And neither of them had noticed a stranger, sitting with disconsolate face, in lazy attitude, on a bench in the shadow of the old elm that grew by the gate. He could see them; but he had not been observing them, or attending to them in any way, and rising with a half-sigh, he had been about to depart, when Laura's words had arrested him. And then, indeed, he had looked at her earnestly, and presently had fallen back upon the bench again, lingering to hear more.

"You may marry, you know, Laura, and have children of your own," remarked Susie, when the silence had lasted some minutes.

"I *might* have done if dear Willie had lived, but now"—and Laura left her sentence unfinished, while absently she plucked a withered leaf from one of the pelargoniums.

"My dear, it is nearly two years since he was drowned, poor fellow. And, after all, he was nothing to you; you were never really engaged."

"No; but it would have come to that, for he loved me, and I him," returned Laura steadily.

"But you are only twenty-two, Laura. You surely would not think of remaining single for the rest of your life for his sake?" And Susie almost laughed.

"No, dear; I do not know that I have any wish even to remain single; but then, on the other hand, neither do I wish to marry, unless—"

"Well, unless what?"

"Unless I can see exactly the man I could wholly love and respect."

"Ah, you will never see him, dear, depend upon it. You expect perfection, and that is of no use, you know, in this faulty world. John remarked, only the other day, that you had set your standard far too high."

"I certainly do not expect perfection, though," retorted Laura. "If I saw a man I could really love, I should love him only the better for his faults."

"You are most unsatisfactory, Laura dear; and I must own I cannot exactly see what you are driving at, as John says."

"One of your babies," smiled Laura, "for my very own I should be happy then."

"Dear, I cannot spare my babies; and if I would, John would not. You have your school—all your little pupils—make pets of them."

"School-keeping is my work, and work I like, but it does not bring me heart-happiness, do you see, Susie? I want something upon which I may spend my heart. I wish sometimes that I had a hobby—writing, or painting, or something of that kind—into which I could throw myself; though I do not suppose that it would satisfy me long; it would be all dead work."

"Ah!" responded Susie, meditatively. "I shall be afraid to trust you after this, Laura. You will be begging a baby from the first gipsy woman who passes."

"Not quite so bad as that," smiled Laura. "But," and she rose, "I want my tea, Susie. It is actually a quarter after five. I don't know how it is I always contrive to be later on half-holidays. Stay and have a cup with me, dear?"

"Oh, you must excuse me, Laura. John and the babies will think that I am lost as it is, and will be running all over the town after me. I did not tell them that I was coming in here. Good-bye!"

But before she could reach the door, the watcher

outside had risen from the old bench; and as he moved away, he said to himself, emphatically—

"There is a woman I could love!"

He was a man, apparently not more than seven or eight and twenty; rather tall, and very handsome, with pale clear complexion, and black curling hair, and dark eyes full of feeling and expression.

He walked quite away from the town, to a tiny village, which seemed to be made up of about a dozen houses, and there he stayed. And on the following morning he might have been observed standing in the ivy-covered porch of the village church, very nervous-looking, very carefully dressed, and waiting, in fact, for his bride, who appeared in due time—a little dark energetic-looking personage—whom he had chosen for her fortune, and not for any affection he bore her.

CHAPTER II.

MORE than sixteen months had passed away, leaving little outward trace on Laura Ashburnham's life. All around her, life's strange mixture of tragedy and comedy was forever being enacted—joy coming of sorrow, light evolving itself out of darkness, and darkness again quenching the light that perchance had but just arisen. All around her, histories were progressing, adding either to their successes, or to their failures, and she alone, she sometimes thought, had taken no onward step. She was in good health, her school prospered, she was comfortably off, she had a sister very near, who loved her, and whom she loved. What more did she want? Something still, as she had said, upon which she might spend her heart.

Christmas was very near. She would not go away for her holidays, but the whole of Christmas day she expected to spend with her sister.

"Come early, dear," Susie had said. "John told me to give you his love, and to say that he should expect you to breakfast. He does not often take the trouble to send messages to people, so mind you come."

It was Christmas morning, and the ground was carpeted with snow. It was early, and not a streak of dawn was yet visible in the east. The sky was heavy, as if with more snow, and a cold north wind was blowing.

A man clad in a great-coat, the collar pulled up about his neck, and with a large but apparently not particularly heavy burden in his arms, was making his way quickly towards the little town of Malling. It was too dark as yet for a feature of his face to be discerned. He was very quiet; no sigh, no sound, or half uttered sentence escaped his lips: one heard only the quick firm footstep.

On he went, till he reached the house in which Laura Ashburnham lodged. Then swiftly and

silently he lifted the latch of the little iron gate softly he trod the snow-covered pathway, on the step of the door deposited his burden, and in a moment was gone again.

* * * * *

Laura Ashburnham was an early riser, her landlady a late one. Mrs. Lee, Laura's sister, breakfasted punctually at eight o'clock, and Laura was up and dressed and ready to start at half-past seven, just as her landlady, in an old dressing-

white snow—with a ticket pinned conspicuously on the top of it, on which Laura read—

"To be left in the sole care of Miss Ashburnham!"

"A Christmas present, perhaps," laughed she. "One of John's tricks, I shouldn't wonder—though the writing is not his. And how odd the address is!"

She lifted the parcel. Then, with a curious look of surprise and doubt, immediately put it down



"SHE LIFTED THE LITTLE ONE, COVERINGS AND ALL."

gown ran down stairs to light the fire. Having exchanged Christmas greetings with her lodger, the landlady disappeared in the back regions, and the next moment Laura heard her making a great clatter with the fire-irons, as she herself opened the door, and was about to pass out.

But, uttering an exclamation, she paused abruptly. What was that on the door-step? A large dark parcel—dark, at any rate, against the

again. The outer covering was loose. She raised it—and uttered a second exclamation, while a rich color, as of joy and uncertainty mingled, crept slowly into her face.

There lay, wrapped in soft furs, a little babe—a tiny creature of only a few days or perhaps a week old. For a minute Laura stood irresolute; then again she lifted the little one, and carried it, coverings and all, swiftly up-stairs to her own room.

It had been wrapped round and round in an immense fur cloak. Divesting it of this, which she locked for the present in an empty cupboard, folding it carefully and gently in a warm shawl of her own, she quickly made her way down-stairs again, and was soon on her way to her sister's house. The child was asleep, and she wished to keep it so for the present.

Lightly she trod the snowy pathway, her heart beating with a pleasure that would not be suppressed. Nevertheless her mind was occupied in thinking deeply upon what had happened; and anxious thoughts would arise. It was a grave charge; she saw that, despite all her wish to take it upon herself.

She stood at her sister's door, which was immediately opened by Susie herself.

"A happy Christmas to you, darling. I saw you coming. But what have you got there?"

"I do not suppose that you need ask, Susie! I found it on the door-step, but I have scarcely had time to look at it yet."

Laura was by this time seated by the parlor fire, engaged in taking the little one out of the shawl, Susie meanwhile standing by in unqualified amazement.

"I think I will thank you for your present, Susie."

"On the door-step!" exclaimed Susie, suddenly. "Oh, Laura, how could you take it? My present, indeed! Can you suppose that either John or I would do such a thing? now, Laura!"

Susie was quite in earnest, and almost angry. There was a pause.

"It is all the more puzzling, then," returned Laura at length. "Look here, Susie!"

On the little band of the child's dress was written the name "*Louise*."

Susie looked without speaking.

"Isn't she a little darling?" Laura went on. "I almost wish she would wake up. Just see what lovely little black curls she has!"

"And what a dark skin!" rejoined Susie discontentedly. "A little stray gipsy, I dare say!"

And now Laura's brother-in-law entered, a short florid man, with easy, agreeable manners; and he had to be told all.

"Imagine," Susie wound up, indignantly, "being burdened in that manner with the care of a strange child! Who can have done it? Some one who knows you, and your peculiar ideas, evidently, Laura!"

"But, my dear Susie, you need not look like that! If I can take good and sensible care of the dear little mite it will be my delight to do so."

"Yes, but the thing is whether we can allow you to do so, Miss Laura," put in John magisterially. "I should advise you to let me see a lawyer about it, and to give it up to somebody or other as quickly as may be."

"If you all advise me together, I will not give it up!" returned Laura, with rising warmth.

Little feet were now heard running down the stairs.

"Oh, well," said Susie, "a wilful woman must have her way. Here, children, come and look at Auntie Laurie's wonderful Christmas-box."

CHAPTER III.

AND so change came to Laura as it comes to us all.

The little one thrived well, and Laura grew to love her dearly. She was two years and a half old now—a pretty little lively toddling creature, with sloe-black eyes, and crisp black curls, and bright, sprightly ways, that were Laura's pride and pleasure every hour of her life.

And she, Laura, no longer looked grave and quiet, not to say sad, as she had once done; but almost as bright as the child. She had long debated as to what the little thing should call her, but had finally decided that her simple Christian name would sound better and pleasanter to her than anything else.

It was a warm and lovely summer evening, and Laura had been invited to spend it with her sister.

School was over. During the past eighteen months Laura had found her duties rather a tie and a weariness at times, with the child; and she had, moreover, lost a few of her best scholars, solely on the little Louise's account; but she trusted that the worst was over now, and pushed bravely on.

With pride she brushed out the pretty black curls, and arrayed the little one in a tiny rose-colored frock, miniature white cloak, and little sun-hat.

"And now," said she, in sweet, loving tones, "Louise shall go with Lollie, to take tea with little Jackie and the rest."

Upon which Miss Louise screamed out in silver tones of delight, and then said, in voice of baby music—

"Put on pretty dress, Lollie!"

And Laura, who had now eyes for the little one, but not always for herself, smiled at the reminder, and changed her simple alpaca for a soft grey silk, with pink bows; and tiny Louise clapped her little hands in glee, and touched first the bright bows, and then her own small frock, as if to express her recognition of the likeness of color. And Laura caught her in her arms, and kissed her heartily; and then, being ready to depart, ran down-stairs with her.

Arriving at Susie's house, she entered without knocking, as she always did, and made her way to the parlor, the little one chatting all the time. She pushed open the door, expecting to find Susie alone, she having told her the day before that John would most likely be out on business. But

there sat her brother-in-law, and with him two gentlemen, and no Susie was to be seen.

And there stood Laura in the doorway, with the tiny child at her side; and one moment she felt the little face hiding in the grey silk skirt, and the next she saw it peeping out again, half-laughing, half-shy.

It was altogether a pretty picture, and no doubt the gentlemen thought so.

John would have her come in, and then directly introduced the strangers as Mr. William Rogers, an old friend, and Mr. Carl Rogers, his brother, a new one.

"We are all going to Mallings, as soon as we have had a cup of tea, to attend an important meeting at the town-hall, so you won't be troubled with us long, Laura. Susie is with the children, but she'll be down in a minute."

At tea, both strangers seemed to observe the little animated child with interest, and also they looked at Laura a good deal, Susie thought. But in perfect unconsciousness of herself, all Laura's care was given to the child, and she did not so much as know that two pairs of dark eyes were every now and again fixed upon her.

The brothers were much alike as regarded appearance, and the same description would have done for both. But in air and manner there was a decided difference. William Rogers was very talkative, and there was a twinkle of mischievous merriment in his searching eyes, from which Laura somehow shrank. Carl, on the contrary, was grave and quiet, and his glance soft and gentle.

They had all gone off to the meeting. Susie's children were in bed; the little Louise was asleep in Laura's arms; and the two women were sitting by a pretty work-table.

Susie was sewing busily upon tiny frocks and pinafores.

"Laura," she began, suddenly, "Mr. William Rogers seemed greatly interested in you and your adopted child. We told him the whole story, John and I, while you were playing with the children. I certainly like Mr. William Rogers much better than his brother; he scarcely noticed a word that I said of you, while William was all politeness and attention."

"And I like the brother!" rejoined Laura energetically—"Mr. Carl Rogers, I mean—and I don't care for the other one bit. He is one of those busy chattering people who always make me nervous."

A long pause. Then Susie, with a sort of sigh, began again, glancing as she spoke at the sleeping child in Laura's arms.

"I am seriously afraid, my dear Laura, that that child will ruin all your prospects in life. You ought never to have kept her."

Laura looked down with intense love at her "pretty little waif," as she sometimes fondly called her.

"She has brightened all my prospects in life, say rather, Susie; I have something to live for now."

A little further argument, and then—

"Well," said Susie, "if you are satisfied, that is everything, I suppose."

"But I will say, dear," Laura went on, presently, in another tone, "that I cannot help wondering at times how I shall get on in years to come. I am worried and anxious about my school, whenever I set myself seriously to think of it. I can only just contrive to live comfortably now, and three or four of my scholars will soon be leaving me—not on account of Louise; I do hope that that is all over at last. But what shall I do when she gets older—dear child? She will cost much more then. I might take a situation as governess, and perhaps do far better so; but I could never bear to go away and leave her."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Susie put down her work, and gently laid her hand on Laura's.

"Forgive me, dear sister, but now I do indeed think you in the wrong. If you feel so strongly that you did well to take the child, and that a kind Providence put it in your way—very well, then, the same Providence can take care of both it and you. People are always talking of faith and trust, but how much of either do they show? And believe me, dear, I am speaking to myself quite as much as to you. My faith fails me every day."

"Go on, Susie."

"And we assert our belief, too, do we not? over and over again, in a wise God and heavenly Father who over-rules for good, and in love, the most trifling actions of our lives. And we say that this guidance for love can never fail, that from hour to hour, and from year to year, it is still the same. But do we act up to what we profess to believe? Work on, dear Laura, and trust on, and be sure that all will be well." —

CHAPTER IV.

FIVE—six—seven years passed away. Laura's little adopted daughter grew in beauty, health, and intelligence, and was more than ever the source of her joy and happiness.

Laura still kept on with her school, though it had long ceased to be prosperous. A more pretentious establishment had been started close by, and that had soon taken all her best scholars, and the rest were gradually leaving her.

Her sister, also, had moved away from the adjoining village, in which had been her home for so long, and had gone to a distance; and this had been a great blow to Laura's love, and also to her comfort. She had no one to go to now, in her little troubles, no one to show her any sympathy.

She had often after that first meeting seen the brothers Rogers at her sister's house; and between Mr. Carl Rogers and herself had grown up quite a

pleasant friendship. But, as Susie had prophesied, nothing further had come of it. For one thing, Carl Rogers was poor. He had speculated, and lost money; and then, just as they were becoming really well acquainted, he had had an advantageous appointment offered him abroad, which he had at once accepted, and Laura had neither seen nor heard of him now for more than three years.

* * * * *

Christmas was very near once more.

Laura was in great trouble. Her school had failed entirely at last, and she had given up her pleasant lodgings, and was now on her way to her sister's new home; John and Susie having cordially invited her to stay with them until she could decide upon what was best to be done.

And very dark and dreary indeed did the future look to Laura.

Arriving at her journey's end, she was soon resting by a bright fire in Susie's own cheerful room. Louise had already run off to play with the other children.

"Mr. Rogers is here, dear," remarked Susie, as she stood thoughtfully stirring the fire—"Mr. Carl Rogers. He very unexpectedly walked in with John last evening. He directly asked after you, and seemed pleased to hear that we expected you to-day."

But Laura scarcely made any reply.

"You are very tired, I am sure, dear," said Susie again, in her kind-hearted way; "and you have had a dull, miserable journey, have you not?"

"Yes, and I have been dull and miserable for so long," returned Laura with an effort. "It has been such uphill work, Susie, for the last six months, and now everything looks terribly dark and dismal."

"Never mind, dear; try not to think about it more than you can help. Trust still. God can make it light, and He can give prosperity and happiness again when He pleases. And did you ever happen to read, Laura, that 'our uphill difficulties are the way to the greatest comforts?' and that 'burdens are more felt when comforts are near at hand?' But, oh! I do wish—" and Susie paused.

"Well, Susie dear?" and Laura looked up with a weary smile.

"I ought not to say so, perhaps, but if only you had not got that child!"

"Do not wish that, Susie, when she is all the pleasure I have!" and Laura burst into tears.

Louise ran in, in bright warm dress, and ribbons to match—Laura always contrived to dress her nicely.

"Why, Lollie! oh, my darling Lollie! whatever is the matter? I cannot bear to see you cry! Oh! what has anybody been doing?" and the child's arms were round her neck in an instant,

and little loving lips and fingers fondly caressed her.

"It does not signify, my darling," and Laura at once dried her eyes. "Lollie was only crying because she was afraid that she might be obliged to—"

"Leave you," she would have added, but she could not bear to pain the dear little heart, and so left the words unspoken.

All that evening Carl Rogers' eyes were upon her. Susie had told him of the failure of the school. Laura's face was full of patient sadness, and, as her glance followed merry Louise about the room, she was trying to make up her mind to give her up, after all.

Susie's new home was a cosy little nest of a place, and Laura's heart warmed to the love and kindness shown her by all. But only a few weeks she might rest there, and then she must start out into the lone cold world again, and make a fresh beginning.

"What a thing it is to be watched!" exclaimed Susie, as she came to sit in Laura's room for a few minutes before going to her own. "Mr. Rogers has done nothing but look at you these three hours, Laura!"

"Nonsense, dear; I am too old to be watched."

* * * * *

It was Christmas morning; a bright glad day, as far as outside weather went, but it could not cheer Laura. Her heart was heavy yet.

She was walking to church, with Carl Rogers on her right hand, and Louise on her left.

"And so that young lady was your Christmas present, nine years ago to-day?" observed Carl, when Laura had been silent for some time. And then, after a moment's pause, he added—

"I wonder if you would take another Christmas present—from me—to-day, if I were to offer it?"

Laura looked up. Something in his tone, or manner, or both, surprised her.

"Run away, dear child," said grave Carl now to Louise, "and ask Aunt Susie to keep you for a few minutes, while I speak to Miss Ashburnham."

Louise was gone. Laura had not uttered a word. Carl touched her arm, and looked at her with eyes of love.

"Would you be willing to give up that child, Laura—Miss Ashburnham?"

The color rushed to Laura's face.

No, oh, no! I could never give her up." But her voice was full of pain.

"But would you give her to me? She is mine, really. I am her father. And will you be my dear wife?"

Laura was too much astonished to speak.

"Yours?" she uttered, at length. "Louise your child?"

"Yes; the child of a woman whom I married

—I am ashamed to say it—for her wealth. She died a week after Louise was born."

"And how came you to think of sending her to me?"

And Carl told her of the conversation between her and her sister which he had chanced to overhear.

"I threw away happiness once," he concluded. "But now—will you be my wife? You have not answered me yet. The worthless present I would offer you is myself."

Louise ran up again, but Carl held out his hand. Laura put hers into it, and the compact was sealed.

They entered the pretty country church, decorated with ivy and ferns, beautifully done, Laura thought. And she thought also that that she had never attended a happier, heartier service in her whole life.

And she murmured when she was alone again—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

COURAGE.

"I'm afraid," said a little boy, turning back, with a look of alarm, from a stately ox that stood in the path along which his father and himself were walking.

"Why are you afraid, Henry?" asked Mr. Gray.

"I'm afraid of his horns. He's going to hook me!"

"No, he won't hurt you. Here, take this stick and drive him off the path."

"O no—no. I'm afraid." And the child clung to his father's side.

Mr. Gray was a thoughtful man, and a man of sense. He understood well the influence of early states and impressions on the mind and moral feelings in after life. He knew that the character of a child needed great care in guiding it to a right development. He knew that temperance, fortitude, and courage, were cardinal virtues in the man, and that the seeds of these must be sown in the young mind, if the germs were not already there.

"Did an ox ever hurt you, Henry?" he calmly asked.

"No, sir."

"Then what makes you afraid of him?"

"He looks as if he would hook me."

"But I know that he will not do it. Here, take my stick and drive him away."

Henry had been taught obedience. By the manner in which his father now spoke, he knew that he was really in earnest.

"Indeed, papa, I'm afraid," urged the timid boy, looking up with a quivering lip and an imploring eye.

"Afraid! my little boy afraid!" Mr. Gray spoke as if he were greatly surprised. "I don't want my Henry to be afraid."

"But I am afraid, papa. I know he will hurt me with his horns. See how he shakes his head. There, he is coming!" and he clung closer to his father's side, as the ox took one or two steps forward.

"My little boy is a coward." This was said by Mr. Gray in a voice expressive of sorrow and displeasure, mingled with something of contempt. Its impression was all he desired. The fear of his father's displeasure and contempt (this last word is rather too strong; but it best expresses the idea wished to be conveyed) became more active than mere bodily fear.

"No, I'm not a coward," he said, drawing himself up, somewhat proudly, and taking one step from his father's side.

"Then take my cane and drive that ox away from our path." He spoke with some sternness.

Henry was still afraid, but moral fear was more active than physical terror. He hesitated only for a moment; then taking his father's cane and lifting it in the air, he moved towards the stately beast. The ox seemed disposed at first to disregard the threatening attitude of the boy. He dropped his head and shook it violently. Henry trembled and looked back into the face of his father, but that face had not relaxed a muscle. He took one more step forward, brandishing the cane. The ox still remained firm; but it was only for a moment longer—quickly turning his head, he started from the path and ran off to a distance.

Delighted to see so large and strong a beast run from him, Henry laughed and shouted aloud.

"Didn't I make him go, father?" he cried, as he handed back the cane. "Am I a coward?"

"No, not now. You are my brave little boy," said Mr. Gray with an encouraging smile.

"I'll drive all the oxen wherever I please."

"You can always drive them away, when they are in wrong places. But it would be cruel to drive them about and worry them when they are in the fields."

After walking along for a short distance, another ox was seen standing in the path. He was black, and had, to the eye of Henry, an angry, threatening look. His fears returned, and he was about shrinking behind his father when the thought of being called a coward re-inspired him.

"Here, my son, drive that beast away."

The boy could no longer hesitate. He took the cane held out by his father, and brandishing it in the air, ran towards the ox. The animal did not seem at all inclined to move, but dropped his head and shook it angrily. Henry started back and looked around at his father.

"Try again. Don't be afraid," urged Mr. Gray. Henry made another effort but with no better success.

"He won't move, father."

"Yes he will. Go up close to him and strike him with the cane if he does not move."

"I'm sure he will hook me."

"Keep away from his horns, but strike him. He won't hurt you."

Thus urged, the little fellow ran forward with a shout, and made an attempt to strike the ox; but the stubborn animal had no intention of permitting matters to go as far as that. He wheeled around quickly, and darted off before Henry's blow could fall.

"That's my brave boy," Mr. Gray said, approvingly. "I knew the ox wouldn't hurt you."

Henry was much pleased with this second proof of his superiority over dumb animals. After that he would go up to an ox or a cow without fear.

This was Mr. Gray's first lesson in courage. He saw that his boy was naturally timid, and felt that it was all-important that this weakness should be counteracted and bravely encouraged. He well knew, that to pass safely and usefully through the world courage was essential. Courage to brave any moral consequences in doing right, or any physical danger when duty called. And he wished his children to have those characteristics of mind which would make them useful in all the varied positions in life which they might be called upon to occupy.

Henry was only four years old when this first lesson was given, but the effect upon his character was indelible. It enabled Mr. Gray to follow up, successfully, his desire that his boy should become fearless of danger where duty called with an imperative voice. At the age of eight years, Henry had gained so much over his natural weakness that on one occasion he promptly sprang into the water, when a companion had fallen in, and saved his life at the risk of his own.

Of mere recklessness he was never guilty, for he still had remains enough of natural timidity, and dread of bodily pain, to hold him back from danger, if there were no call for him to expose himself. But so judiciously had his father cultivated his higher faculties, that the calls of humanity or duty were always imperative. This makes the finest character when well developed. A man whose firmness, decision, perseverance, courage, are not mere natural qualities, but spring from a deep moral sense, is the noblest and the most useful of men. He is never urged on by blind impulse or mere recklessness of danger. He acts with firmness, decision and courage, just at the right time, in the best manner, and at the true crisis. Such a man was Henry Gray on reaching the years of maturity.

At the age of twenty-three he married and

moved to a distance from his native place. His new home stood near the bank of a large river. He lived there for ten years, and had four children, who were springing up around him and giving light to his household. One day, about this time, a most terrific storm arose. The bosom of the broad river, that had for hours been sleeping in the bright sun-beams, was lashed into wild fury by the hurricane that swept over it.

"See, Jane," said Mr. Gray to his wife, suddenly, as they stood looking out of a window. "Isn't that a sloop coming round the point opposite? Yes, it is: and the wind is driving her madly along. If the helmsman is not careful she will be thrown on to that reef of rocks and dashed to pieces."

The eyes of his wife turned to the point mentioned by her husband, and she shuddered to see a vessel under bare poles, careering under the power of the rushing winds swifter than if all her canvas had been spread to a strong breeze. She was driving directly towards a sunken reef on which several sloops had been lost within a few years.

"By my life, Jane, they will be dashed to pieces!" Gray ejaculated as he saw the unfortunate vessel rapidly approaching the rocks.

As he spoke, he turned from the window, and took three or four strides across the room towards the door.

"Henry! what are you going to do?" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, springing to his side, and taking fast hold of his arm.

"I am going to prepare to save, if possible, some of the unfortunate people on board that sloop, if she should strike the reef," was his calm but resolute reply.

"No—no, Henry! You must not put your life in danger! I will not let you go!"

"Jane," said Gray, looking steadily into his wife's face, "when the cry of humanity comes to our ears, and there is a clear probability of giving relief, we cannot hesitate on grounds of personal danger. When duty calls, let us fearlessly obey. The great Sustainer and Preserver will sustain and preserve us. If it is in my power to save, by a timely and well-directed effort, a single individual of that boat's crew, do you not think me bound to make the attempt?"

Mrs. Gray did not reply. But she still clung to his arm.

"Suppose your own brother were in that vessel?"

The grasp of Mrs. Gray's fingers slightly relaxed. "Would you say to me, 'Make no effort to save him?'"

Her hand fell to her side.

"Jane"—Mr. Gray spoke earnestly—"I will never risk my life wantonly. Do not fear that. I know nothing of the feeling called 'fool-hardiness.' If I go into danger, it will be to save

others, and whoever is in the earnest effort to save others from destruction, is, himself, wonderfully protected. Few, very few, lose their lives, when unselfishly seeking to rescue a fellow-creature from impending death."

Mrs. Gray understood her husband, and she no longer opposed him. To do so, she was well aware, would have been useless. But her heart sunk heavily, and beat with a troubled motion. She turned to the window, as he left the house, while the storm was raging with unabated fury. Casting her eye towards the hapless vessel, she shuddered to see that it was driving madly on towards the most dangerous point in the river, where just beneath the foaming surface, lay a broad reef of rocks. There were not five minutes between that sloop and destruction. Next she saw her husband running at full speed towards the shore, where lay tossing on the agitated waters a little boat, in which she knew, too well, that he would trust himself to the great peril of his life. And he did thus, without an instant's hesitation, trust himself upon the bosom of the tossing billows. She saw him hurriedly unfasten the boat, and, springing into it, as he drove it far from the shore with a muscular arm, seize the oars and pull courageously out from land. The heart of the wife sank within her as she stood fixed to the spot, and saw the frail craft rising now upon a foaming wave, and now diving down as if it would sink in the waters, while her husband's arm seemed feeble as a child's, as he plied eagerly the oars, struggling to reach a point in the river nearly a quarter of a mile distant.

The wind seemed to sweep along with redoubled violence—the rain fell in a deluge of water, and the broad sheets of lightning spread themselves out in rapid succession on the quivering air, and were quickly followed by tremendous and almost incessant, crashing peals of thunder.

Every moment the distance between the tiny boat and the shore increased; but the strained eyes of Mrs. Gray could still distinguish the form of her brave husband, steadily bending to his oars. But long before he could reach the spot he feared would prove fatal to the sloop, she had rushed madly upon the rocks, and was almost instantly dashed in pieces. Mrs. Gray saw this, and could not restrain a cry of anguish, even amid her fears for her husband.

Henry Gray labored now with almost superhuman strength; aided by the wind, that was driving against the stern of his light craft, he almost flew over the surface of the water, leaping from wave-top to wave-top, like a sea-bird on the wing. But long before he could reach the fatal spot, six of those who had been on that vessel's deck were sleeping their last long sleep far down the rocky depths of the river. Three men, who were clinging to fragments of wood, he saved, and with this

precious freight turned away from the fatal spot and pulled for the shore.

The darkness of night was falling gloomily around when Gray, his duty done, commenced his return to land. The men he had picked up, from fear or exhaustion, reclined passively in his boat, and appeared incapable of affording him any assistance. But he asked none, his arm was still strong, and his courage unabated. Manfully he struggled against the fierce tempest, and slowly but surely made headway against it. Night soon shut in and hid the shore from view. But there was one there who could not forget him nor his need. His wife had watched him until she could no longer distinguish his form in the boat, and then, by the aid of a glass, she still followed, anxiously, all his motions. She saw the vessel dashed to pieces, and saw her husband reach the spot and rescue several men who were floating about. Then she saw him turn homeward; but the darkness soon hid him from her view. Thoughtful and prompt to act, as the wife of such a man should be, she had a large fire built upon the shore, and stood by it herself, though the storm was yet unabated, and with her own hands kept up the blaze that was to be the beacon-light of her husband, amid darkness and tempest.

Nearly half an hour was passed in the anguish of suspense. Then her quick ears detected, in pauses of the storm, the faint sound of oars. She knew it was from her husband's boat, and her heart bounded with joy, pride, and gratitude to God. Soon the sounds grew more and more distinct, coming directly towards her beacon-fire. At length the boat touched the shore, and Gray bounded out, and drew it high up and beyond the power of the strong current he had struggled against so manfully.

"Oh, Henry! Thank God that you are safe!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, seizing his arm with both hands, and clinging to him with a nervous grasp.

"Yes, let us thank Him, Jane, for what he has done. And for this guiding fire let me thank you. Without it, I must, I fear, have been lost."

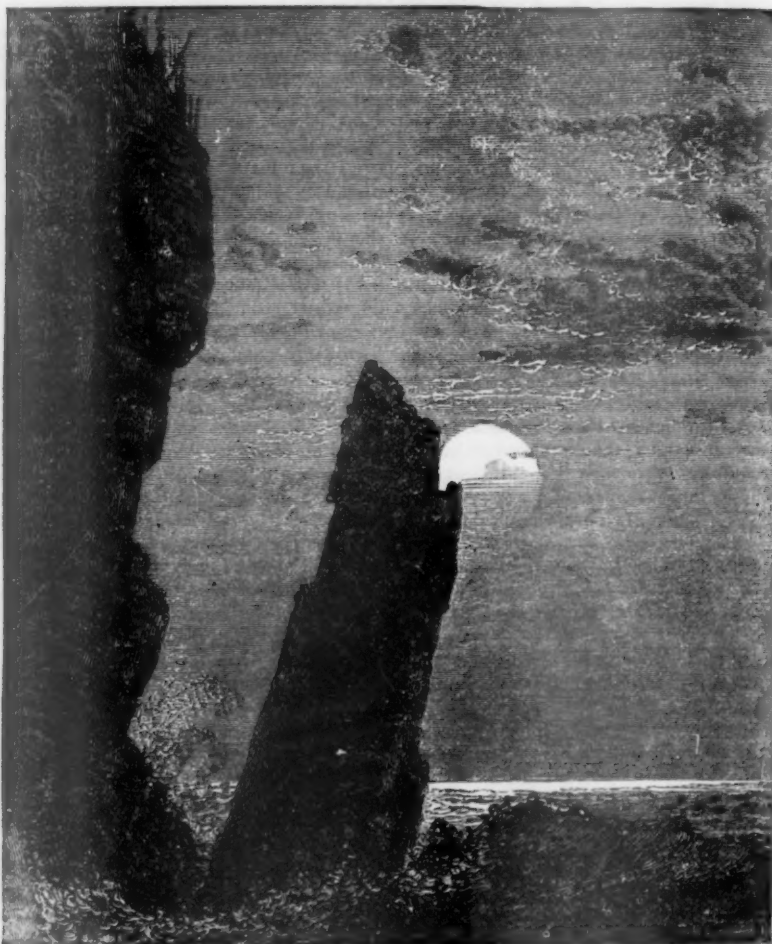
"Henry! Jane!" exclaimed in a familiar voice, one of the men, who had till now remained seated, in a half-stupified frame of mind in the boat, stepping out quickly as he spoke, and throwing his arms around his preserver and his wife.

"Oh, my boy! Is it to you that I owe my life?"

"My father!" ejaculated Gray, with a quick start, turning, and disengaging himself from his arms—"Is it indeed my father?"

"Yes, my child. Your noble courage has saved your father's life! I was coming to visit you, but did not dream of such a meeting."

Beyond this, we need not carry the reader. His own imagination will fill up all that remains. Was not the father right in teaching his boy to be courageous? Who will answer—Nay?



MOONLIGHT SCENES FROM THE POETS.

ON no other phase of nature have the poets dwelt with a more loving touch than on the enchantments of moonlight. There is a softness about it, a mellow, mysterious beauty, which has charmed the poetic instinct ever since Homer sang of the moonlit shores of Troy. It wears a spell of romance for the least imaginative, and creates a fairy land of visions for the dreamer. It shines upon the Edens of earth, the happy homes where its light only adds another blessing to the light of loving hearts. It shines with the same benignant ray on the abodes of poverty and vice, ever holy, calm, pure, softening with its touches the squalor and wretchedness it penetrates. It shines upon birth and death, upon the anguish of

the mourner and the rapture of the lover. It looks down upon the hate and malignity of an Iago; upon the jealousy and despair of an Othello; upon the hope and trusting confidence of the innocent maiden. Its silver light gleams on reaches of rippling water, and on the tremulous leaves of many forests. It bathes with pitying light the corpse-strewn field of battle. It illumines the fleecy clouds with a silver transparency which makes them seem the portals of heaven; and the light, as we look at them, overflows the soul, and we feel that surge of happy feeling which, because of its very intensity, carries us over to the borderland of pain.

Sir Walter Scott's description of Melrose Abbey

as seen by moonlight breathes that spirit of legend and magic, and abounds in that wild, free imagery so characteristic of him:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of brightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach us to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to roar,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile:
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

Another description quite as beautiful is found in the same poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, not far from the first:

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Shakspeare's best descriptions of moonlight are contained in the *Merchant of Venice*, in the scene in the avenue at Belmont, where Lorenzo and Jessica are awaiting the arrival of Portia and Bassanio, after the trial:

LORENZO.

"The moon shines bright; in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night."

"In such a night

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."

While they are still in the avenue, the speedy arrival of the travellers is announced by a messenger, and Lorenzo directs the musicians to play in the open air to greet their coming. He says:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

What an exquisite scene of the soft, still moonlight on the trees and greensward, with dreamy

music floating over it, this verse pictures to the imagination!

Byron has written on this subject with all the beauty and force so characteristic of his descriptions of nature. In his *Parasina* is the following passage:

"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day
As twilight melts beneath the moon away."

Another passage, no less beautiful, but surrounded by very different circumstances, is taken from "*The Siege of Corinth*." It is the night before the final day of the siege, when the Turks have already made a breach in the walls, and only await the morning to finish their bloody work. In the midst of ravage and desolation, the subdued moonlight and radiant starlight seem only more beautiful by contrast.

"'Tis midnight; on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?"

In Byron's wonderful description of the Coliseum is a passage unsurpassed in its sublime grandeur:

"The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the
stars
Shone through the rents of ruin;

* * * * *

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With the silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still
rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Milton's description of evening in Paradise is calmly beautiful and majestic. Many compare it with the one from Byron, just quoted:

"Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Two passages from Whittier are notable for the wide difference between them. The first is from *Toussaint L'Ouverture* and describes the moonlit, tropical luxuriance of the island where he fought so nobly for freedom.

"'Twas night. The tranquil moonlight smile,
With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down
Its beauty on the Indian isle,—
On broad green field and white walled town;
And inland waste of rock and wood,
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,
Soft as the landscape of a dream,
All motionless and dewy wet,
Tree, vine, and flower, in shadow met."

The second is from "Snow-Bound," describing the night after the storm, when the family, "shut in from all the world without," gathered around the fireside in that circle he describes so pathetically and lovingly as he looks back through the vista of years upon

"The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone."

One, at least, of that group, looked out on the fields of snow, gleaming white in the moonlight and left us a picture of it which the inhabitants of northern lands will read at their firesides in far future years:

"The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible."

Longfellow's *Evangeline* contains some delightful moonlight scenes. One of them is in *Evangeline's* chamber, when she enters it after parting with Gabriel, on her betrothal night:

"Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow
and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the
room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean."

Many are familiar with the apostrophe to the moon in *Stars of the Summer Night*, that exquisite serenade from the *Spanish Student*.

"Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps! My lady sleeps."

No other description gives a more tranquil, restful feeling than the first two stanzas of Longfellow's *Endymion*. It is the full glow of the newly risen moon, when the shadows are long, and that enchanting light, whose influence we all can feel but never quite express, rests on every tree and stream,

"The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadow low!"

Several stanzas from *The Bridge*, disconnected as they must be given here, are full of pathos and beauty. Read in connection with the rest of the poem, they are freighted with all the passion and pain of human life, all its broken hopes, all its unfulfilled promises; and yet, through it all shines the light of faith and final fruition.

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church tower.
I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

* * * * *
Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away.
As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

* * * * *
And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;
The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here."

KATE RHODES.

THE MORALITY OF FINE DRESS.

HOW common it is to take up a newspaper containing a pointed paragraph directed against the extravagance of women! If we heeded many of the floating pieces of modern wisdom, we would verily think that woman's love of dress was the cause of all the evils that now infest the world. And yet, I venture to say, that of all the editors who write such paragraphs, nine-tenths would feel exceedingly mortified if their wives and daughters were seen in cheap, shabby or untasteful clothes.

The truth of the matter is, not women but men are to blame for the prevailing feminine love of finery. In many ways, merchants encourage it, as it helps their trade; editors, as it gives them advertising. Men generally—unless they are exceedingly mean specimens of the genus *homo*—because their pride impels them to want their lady relatives to look well, so as to command a certain amount of respect. But that isn't all. Women dress, not so much because they value dress for its own sake, but because they want to please their gentlemen friends—and their instincts tell them that this is one of the easiest and surest ways. Moreover, many of the handsomest robes and costliest jewels worn are not purchased by women as matters of vanity, but are gifts of fond fathers, husbands and brothers. If all women wore a severe garb like a man's, many a man would be deprived of sufficient opportunity to show his love. There is a great deal of sentiment about purple and fine linen.

Of course, there are women who love dress to excess—there are women who waste time and money and strength in devotion to an unworthy object. But these are, happily, a small minority. Women are, indeed, far more economical than men and of choice would, as a rule, spend much less on their wardrobes.

Ah, my mistaken friend! Do you know why Mrs. March don't sell her diamond ear-rings and give the money to the poor? Because they were her dear husband's first gift—she cannot part with them. But does not her conscience smite her? Not a particle. The money paid for them rewarded some honest lapidary who depended for his livelihood upon the diamond trade. Have we not divine authority for saying that the laborer is worthy of his hire—is he not more deserving than some idle beggar whom she might ignorantly befriend with their price? Yes, you say—you begin to see—but, still, does it not look like vanity in Mrs. March to wear diamonds? No matter how it looks—you know she is not vain. You know how quickly she would give them up if her husband and children needed something they could buy; then, if she would give them up for her own family, why should she not for "God's poor?"

—we are all one family! Simply, because we don't, as a general thing, have to go so far to look for our duty. "God's poor," that is, His honest, toiling children have already been helped in the purchase of the ear-rings. Yet you still continue, would it not be a greater benefit to herself if she parted with them for charity's sake? would it not do her heart good and be a great satisfaction to her? If she sold them, somebody would have to buy them—if it is wrong for her to own them, why would it not be wrong for another? Then if everybody had such scruples, diamonds could never be bought and sold, hence would be worthless; then, coming round in a circle, if worthless, what harm would there be in her keeping them? As to the satisfaction parting with them would give her—why, it is our duty to be just before we are generous. Let us do all we can to pay the worthy workman his due before we indulge in the luxury of free-will offerings. If all did this and no more, there would be very little occasion of alms-giving. I have sometimes thought that people delighted so in ostentatious charity, that they did all they could to make poverty—an appetite of any kind must be fed.

That is the long and the short of the matter. Mrs. March does perfectly right to wear her diamond ear-rings. Also, to own all the dresses and laces and ribbons and feathers she likes—for, think of the army of merchants, weavers, dress-makers and milliners who depend on her and others like her, for their daily bread. These things are more closely interwoven than you think. Do you know that because black alpaca is not worn now, a number of alpaca makers in England are suffering; and that a deputation of them lately waited upon the Princess of Wales and begged her to make it fashionable again?

So, I conclude from all this, that within reasonable limitations, it is perfectly right and proper to dress just as well as one can afford. But I am afraid some will still object.

Fine dress, you have already said, interferes with giving; and I have answered, Some giving might well be interfered with—that is, when it comes to a choice between rewarding the industrious and encouraging the idle. Before leaving the subject I am inclined to add, that people have been teased and tortured rather too much into giving. Churches and benevolent societies of all kinds have had their say in this matter for generations, until some good people seem to think it almost a sin to keep any surplus for themselves at all. I don't say one word against judicious liberality; let every one do as his heart prompts. But I don't like to see the name of a poor seamstress entered in a subscription list for a larger sum than she can earn in a week. Public opinion ought to be against such a thing—but, unfortunately, it isn't. No danger that, with less money-giving

people will grow more selfish. On the contrary, there will be fewer regrets and recriminations, fewer petty injustices; for these very often accompany indiscriminate, forced benevolence. Furthermore, money is not the main thing to give; kind words and deeds are what the world wants. St. Paul expressly says that, though we give all our goods to feed the poor and have not charity, it profits us nothing.

Fine dressing, say others, sets a bad example to the poor; it makes them want to dress, too.

Now, in the first place, if every man got his just due—if he received an adequate reward for his labor—there wouldn't be so many poor. In the second, there is no good reason why the poor shouldn't dress just as well as they can afford; we have no sumptuary laws in this country. And in the third, the hope and prospect of dressing well stimulates many poor persons to renewed effort, leading them finally to better their condition.

No, fine dressing sets a good example, not a bad one. But fine dressing leads men and women to barter their principle and honor. Indeed!

Anything good in itself can be perverted. But in such a case it is not the fault of the thing perverted, but the fault of the person. There must be some radical defect in the education of the man or woman who cannot keep minor matters in subordinate places—and the blame belongs to some one who has, at some time, neglected a duty. Better teaching and better remuneration for employment will regulate all this. But fine dressing takes the mind away from better things—makes one neglectful of religion, and so forth.

In a limited sense this may be true, but only in a limited sense. If elegant clothes take a girl's mind away from good, just as likely are they to take it away from evil, and so act as a direct aid to her religion. Moreover, she is not so liable to set herself up, and be censorious and uncharitable, as she would be if she affected plainness. If her dress is in the prevailing style, she will most probably think very little about it, one way or the other. And, say what you will, there is a certain element of refinement in dainty garments.

But the Bible forbids fine dressing.

This is a very common fallacy. If you examine closely every passage usually quoted in this connection, I think you will see that it means let not a woman's outward adornment be more valuable than her inward; let her spiritual worth be better than her bodily robes. St. Paul does not forbid the "godly apparel," he only relegates it to a subordinate place. The "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" can be consistently worn with beautiful raiment.

Yes, my brothers and sisters. Let the reign of fitting attire continue—in fact, most likely it will, whether you let it or not.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

SERVANTS.

PART II.

IF employer and servant would both look at the question from a Christian point of view, each thinking more of what he was to give than of what he was to receive, this would give a very different aspect to the matter.

We the employers having more light, a higher standard, and greater advantages in every way than servants possess, should be the ones to inaugurate this sort of spirit. When each side is actuated by a narrow, selfish spirit, more eager to receive than to confer benefit, no wonder they should distrust each other; no wonder employers should fail to attach servants to themselves, and that these should prove so unsatisfactory to their employers.

The truths of religion must be ultimated in our relations with our servants, as well as with all other human beings, if we would have our lives to be thoroughly harmonious and orderly. We must try to feel in reference to them that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." We must observe the golden rule towards them as well as towards our family, friends and other equals. In employing them we must not let our thoughts be limited entirely to the consideration of the services they can do us and the addition they will make to our ease and comfort. No; if we must look at the subject as the angels look at all subjects and as Christians should try to do, namely in the spirit of Charity and in the sincere love of right, we would think equally, at least, if no more, of the benefits we could confer on them, and we would aim to have them find under our roof shelter, protection, justice, consideration, kindness and sympathy. And if they too could be animated by the desire to give rather than to receive (and this spirit might communicate itself to them from us, even if they did not originally feel it), their services would be vastly lightened and deprived of all that was oppressive and irksome. At all events, it is our duty, as we occupy the superior position and enjoy a brighter light, to take the initiative in showing this sort of spirit, whether we meet with encouragement and reciprocation or not.

To show interest in servants and sympathy with them would do a thousand times more to attach them to us and to awaken their better natures than to show them weak indulgence and ill-judged laxity. In our relations with servants (as well as other human beings) we should always act with a belief in and reference to their better natures, even if these be ever so dimly discernible or not discernible at all, beneath ignorance, stupidity or defects of various kinds. To believe in this better nature is the best way to awaken it; hence let us try to influence our servants through this rather than to manage them either by scolding or by weak indulgence.

Sympathy between servants and their employers would make the relation between them far different from the bond it generally is. In the speech, during the delivery of which to the grand jury, the noble and distinguished Talfourd fell dead, he had been commenting on the moral indications of the district, afforded by the calendar. These were of a very discouraging character, and Talfourd referred them mainly to two causes, "the chief of these being drunkenness," said he, "the exciting cause that every judge has to deplore in every county of this land, that which was justly called in the admirable discourse to which I listened, yesterday, from the sheriff's chaplain, 'the greatest English vice,' which makes us a by-word and a reproach among nations, who, in other respects, are inferior to us and have not the same noble principles of Christianity to guide and direct them; I mean the vice of drunkenness." The other cause of the increase of crime in the district, Talfourd thought referable in no small degree to the complete separation between class and class, and the consequent want of sympathy between them. "Even to our servants," said he, "we think we have done our duty in our sphere, when we have performed our contracts with them, when we have paid them the wages we contracted to pay, when we have treated them with that civility which our habits and feelings induce us to render, and when we curb our temper and refrain from any violent expression toward them. And yet, how painful the thought that we have men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comfort, supplying our wants, and continual inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and tempers we are as little acquainted as if they were the inhabitants of some other sphere."

It is true that there always will be, and must be, in a certain sense, a separation of classes, yet this does not militate against their having sympathy with each other, and heartily and harmoniously co-operating with each other. The separation of classes, I mean, is similar to the distinction between the various organs and members of the body, to each of which is allotted a distinctive place and office, all being essential to the symmetry and well-being of the whole, and working together in their respective places and functions for the common good. Humanity and society at large are constituted like one man, for such is the oneness of design in creation that the same image is inscribed on the least and on the greatest, on the parts and on the whole. When we come to take in this noble idea, it gives a dignity and importance to every class, for each has its peculiar use and office which no other is capable of filling. Not one, even the lowliest, could be dispensed with, but each is essential to the well-being, if not the actual existence of the frame. The feet may be lowly, yet they are vitally important. Without

them, the body would be crippled and mutilated, deprived of its symmetry and of the greater part of its usefulness.

And the feet are not more important to the body of the individual man than the lower classes are to the body of humanity at large. As we have said before, there always will be and must be such differences and inequalities in this great body as we see in the body of the individual, that is, the different classes will have distinct functions, like the various organs of the body have, but these differences and inequalities were ordained by Infinite Wisdom, and are essential to the perfection of the whole, and as the organs of the body, when in a healthful condition, all work harmoniously together without any sense of pain or oppression, so will all the different classes co-operate when humanity becomes more regenerate and more unitized by the spirit of brotherhood. Then will the upper classes maintain a wise and gentle sway over those they employ, free from all harshness and all arrogance, sincerely desirous to promote both the temporal and spiritual welfare of those under their authority, whilst the servitude of the latter will become free from every burdensome and irksome feature, and they will minister to their employers as St. Paul entreats them, "not with eye service as men pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart."—Ephesians, chap. vi, verses 5, 6.

Miss Muloch in her tale entitled "Mistress and Maid" gives us many valuable ideas on the relation between the two classes, and draws a beautiful picture of the affection which may exist between the two when each side shows the right spirit. Miss Muloch's tale does not appear overdrawn to me, because I have been told by one who knew the parties, of an instance in real life equally as touching and interesting. Many years ago, a lady living in a Virginia town, reared with especial care and affection a young mulatto girl to whom she gave her freedom when the girl had attained her majority and become fitted by her training to sustain herself in this position. The lady was, at this time, very wealthy, but a few years later, the vicissitudes of life had changed her position and she was left widowed and impoverished. She had never had any children nor had she any relations who were able to help her. At this juncture of affairs, Adela Bell, the young mulatto on whom she had bestowed so much care and kindness, came forward and almost filled the place of a daughter to her mistress. Adela had now comfortable little home of her own, for not only had her mistress given her a considerable little fund to start on, but having been trained to be an accomplished dressmaker, she was able to make a good living by pursuing this calling. She fitted up the best room in her little cottage for her mistress and, as long as the latter lived, she supported

her and served her with the most faithful affection and respect.

I recall another touching instance of the fidelity of a servant. When travelling through a part of South-western Virginia, some years ago, I stopped a few days at a picturesque point called Balcony falls, in Rockbridge County, near the confluence of James and North rivers, which two streams sometimes suddenly rise and overflow, thereby endangering both the life and property of those living near their banks. As I was walking along the banks of the James, my eye was attracted by a monument which I found, on examination, to be sacred to the memory of Frank Padget, a negro who in time of high water had lost his life to save his master from drowning. The latter had raised a slab near the spot to commemorate the noble deed, adding, after a brief recital of it the holy words of Scripture which did not seem irreverent thus applied, so solemnly and feelingly were they used, "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend."

MARY W. EARLEY.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

"This day

Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love."

—Shakespeare.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

—Shakespeare.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year."—Dickens.

"It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself."—Dickens.

"I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time."—Dickens.

"The only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem, by one consent, to open their shut-up hearts freely."—Dickens.

"Christmas is a time in which the memory of every remediable sorrow, wrong, and trouble in the world around us should be active with us."—Dickens.

"Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night.
O Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."

—Tennyson.

"As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will."—Thackeray.

"At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small."—Thomas Tusser.

"Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!"

—Whittier.

"So, now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every one be jolly:
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly."—Wither.

"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."—Wither.

"Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
'God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

—Longfellow.

"The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

—Longfellow.

"The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven."

—Alfred Dommatt.

"'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall . . . the genial flame of charity in the heart."—Washington Irving.

"Who taught mankind on that first Christmas day,
What 'twas to be a man; to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live?"

—Charles Kingsley

"With gentle deeds, and kindly thoughts,
And loving words withal,
Welcome the merry Christmas in,
And hear a brother's call."—F. Lawrence.

"This happy day, whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity,
This holy day when Christ, the Lord,
Took on Him our humanity."

—Phoebe Carey.

"Christmas comes! he comes, he comes,
Ushered with a rain of plums;
Hollies in the windows greet him,
Schools come driving home to meet him;
Every mouth delights to name him,
Wet and cold, and wind and dark,
Make him but the warmer mark."

—Leigh Hunt

DIVORCED.

CHAPTER IV.

"MRS. WAVERLY stays away a long while," said Alice, rising and going to the window for the third time since the approach of twilight. "I tried to persuade her not to go out to-day, but she was so eager to look once more upon her children, that nothing could restrain her."

"At this we cannot much wonder," returned Mrs. Grafton. "It is nearly a year since she was separated from them."

"Yes, it is nearly a year; and I do not wonder. But, I'm afraid of her discretion. I'm afraid the sight of them will cause her to forget herself."

"There is danger in that; and I warned her of it before she went out. But the heart too often forgets its warnings. To meet Ada and Herbert in the street, and not rush upon them and clasp them in her arms, will be next to impossible. I wish she had not subjected herself to such a trial."

"So do I. But argument and persuasion, both of which I tried, were alike useless."

As Alice said this, the street-door opened, and some one went gliding up stairs.

"There she is now!" exclaimed the girl, and, leaving Mrs. Grafton, she followed quickly.

On entering the chamber, Alice found that Mrs. Waverly had, without removing either bonnet or shawl, thrown herself across the bed, in which her face lay deeply buried. She spoke to her; but she neither stirred nor made any reply. She called her name a second time; but there was not the smallest sign that the unhappy woman heard her.

Alice now grasped her hand to see if she had not fainted; but its warmth, and the quick pulse, showed the circle of life to be still perfect. She then removed her bonnet and shawl; and, with the tenderness and care of one whose heart was with the sufferer, lifted her head from its depressed condition, and placed a pillow beneath it. As she performed this last act, a low, tremulous sigh fluttered up from the mother's heart.

"Did you see them?" whispered Alice. There was a slight pressure of the hand which the girl had taken—a motion that was understood.

"You did not betray yourself?"

No responding pressure came; but a faint sigh instead.

The heart of Alice began to beat heavily. A silence of several minutes followed; then Mrs. Waverly arose and leaned her head upon the shoulder of the girl. A little while and then she said, in a whisper:

"I saw them."

"Where?" inquired Alice, speaking also in a whisper.

"I saw them on Chestnut street, with their nurse, who was dragging my poor little Ada along

in a way that set my blood on fire. How I was able to forbear as I did, surprises me. My first impulse was to strike her to the pavement."

"But you did not speak to her?"

"How could I help it?"

"Mrs. Waverly?"

"Ada was crying. She complained that something was in her shoe, and hurt her. But the creature scolded, and dragged her along, saying it was only crossness. Could I help grasping her arm, and commanding her to take off the child's shoe? No! that would have been impossible!"

"And you did so?"

"Yes."

"What then?"

"The creature looked frightened, and instantly obeyed me."

"Do you think she knew you?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell. But Ada remembered the tones of my voice, full of excitement as they were."

"Ada?"

"Yes. I'm certain she did. Oh, what a change came, instantly; over her dear young face, as she turned her eyes towards me, and lifted, with what seemed a half-instinctive motion, her little hands! How I restrained myself from clasping her in my arms I cannot tell. Long enough to see the girl remove something from her shoe I stood, and then went quickly on, gliding from her sight around one of the corners."

"And you saw them no more?"

"Oh, yes. I saw them again. Could I leave them thus? No, no. That would have been impossible. Even until the door of their house shut out the sight, did my eyes rest upon them; and then I passed the house again and again, hoping to see their faces at the windows. But in this I was sorely disappointed."

Mrs. Waverly now lifted her head from the shoulder of her attendant, and sank back again across the bed, uttering, as she did so, a low, quivering moan.

Alice sat for a little while, and then went down and related to Mrs. Grafton all that she had heard.

The day that followed was one of those bright, warm, pleasant days, that come after the first cold season of Autumn, reminding us of departed summer, and reviving, though tinged with a browner hue, some of our summer fancies; when we feel, as denizens of the city, an irrepressible longing to get away where the fields are open and free, and the trees stand motionless in the quiet air.

"Alice," said Mrs. Waverly, as she sat by the window, early in the afternoon, and felt the soft pressure of the warm atmosphere—"I think I will go out to Laurel Hill. My heart has been drawing me towards that spot ever since morning. You know that dear little Edith was buried there. It will be something to look at her grave."

"Shall I get you a carriage?" replied Alice, somewhat relieved to hear Mrs. Waverly say this, for she had been fearing that she would make another effort to see her children.

"If you please. Tell the driver to be here in half an hour."

It was between three and four o'clock when Mrs. Waverly, accompanied by the faithful girl who sympathized with her so truly, started for the beautiful Cemetery that lies on the banks of the Schuylkill. The loveliness of the day had wooed many from the city, and the road along which they moved was filled with vehicles. In more than one family carriage that passed them did Mrs. Waverly recognize the faces of old friends—now, alas! estranged, and deeming her unworthy of a thought.

At the Cemetery gate a large number of horses and carriages showed that many of them had availed themselves of the warm afternoon to look, for the last time, perhaps, until Spring opened once more, upon the sacred spot where reposed the ashes of those who in life were tenderly beloved.

"I will go in alone," said Mrs. Waverly to Alice, as their carriage drew up. Do you remain here until I come back."

Gathering the folds of her veil still more closely about her face, Mrs. Waverly left the carriage, and passing through the gate sought out the lovely spot where the grass was still green and a few late-blooming roses made sweet the earth above the decaying body of one of her children—latest born, but first taken.

Since she was there, a small marble head and foot-stone had been placed at the boundaries of the grave. Eagerly did she bend forward to read the inscription:

"EDITH WAVERLY,
DAUGHTER OF EDWARD WAVERLY,
AGED ONE YEAR."

The mother's name had been deemed unworthy to appear above the grave of her child!

She understood this to be the meaning, and, as tears filled her eyes, she glanced upwards, and murmured—

"May I be worthy to join her in Heaven!"

Covering her face with her handkerchief, she bent upon the iron railing that enclosed her babe's resting place and wept until her feelings lost, to some extent, the almost suffocating pressure that was on them. Then trying the gate of the enclosure, and finding it unfastened, she opened it and went in. Two or three half-opened rose-buds were eagerly plucked and thrust into her bosom, and then she sat down to weep again beside the grave of her child.

How utterly desolate and heart-broken she was! She had stolen in to sit near the spot where they had buried her baby, feeling that the sad pleasure was a stolen one—feeling that she had no right there.

Vividly came up before her mind the hour, and the feelings of the hour, when this babe was first laid in joy upon her bosom and her glad spirit looked up in unutterable thankfulness. She felt, in imagination, the first touch of its fragrant breath upon her cheek; heard, in imagination, the first low music of its piping cry; saw the heavenly beauty of its sweet blue eyes, when they first unclosed their lids and she looked at her own image reflected therein.

For a time, she lost, in these memories, all thought of the present. Her mind was too intently fixed by the living images of her latest born and, as such, best beloved. And thus absorbed we will leave her.

CHAPTER V.

MR. WAVERLY was a Philadelphia merchant of wealth, and much respected for his many good qualities by all who knew him. He had married several years before the time at which our story opens, a beautiful young girl whom he had met in the family of a friend residing in Baltimore. Up to within year and a half, he had lived with her most happily. During the time they had three children.

But a blasting suspicion had fallen upon the young wife, and proofs of infidelity were presented in such a black array before her husband's mind that he had been constrained to put her away from him as unworthy of his love. And not only this, but to separate her children from her.

In all this, Mr. Waverly had felt no anger against the unhappy creature who had, for nearly ten years, lain upon his bosom. The anguish of mind which he endured was too great to leave room for indignation. But he was a man of much decision of character and firmness of purpose. It had been the habit of his life to compel himself to do what his reason declared to be right, no matter at what sacrifice of feeling to himself or others. Weaknesses, he condemned as unmanly.

Satisfied, from the evidence that was set before him, of his wife's departure from virtue, he did not for an instant hesitate as to what he should do. She was immediately separated from his household and from her children—though not without a fair provision for her support. His next step was to apply to the Legislature for a divorce, which, on the *ex parte* evidence that he furnished for the consideration of the Committee which had the matter under examination, was freely granted.

Friendless and almost heart-broken, the poor cast-off wife, who had no living relative to take up her cause, made a feeble effort to get from the court having jurisdiction in the case possession of one or both of her children; but the court continued the guardianship in their father.

Mr. Waverly had been a man of but few

words when in society. Some, judging from the exterior of his character, regarded him as inclined to austerity, or as being constitutionally discontented. But such was not the case. His heart was warm; and none knew its warmth so well as the wife and children he tenderly loved. But, after this period, all with whom he came in contact marked a great change, and perceived the presence of a real shadow upon his feelings. He was never seen abroad in either public or private assemblies; and was only met by his friends at his place of business or on the street as he passed along, from his store to his dwelling, with eyes cast gloomily on the pavement.

Mr. Waverly, by the force of a strong will, could compel himself to put away his wife; but it was another thing to remove her image from his mind, or to forget the happy days when he held her to his bosom, and believed her to be as pure as when he pressed upon her sweet young lips the fervent bridal kiss. Ah, it was a difficult and painful task that he was trying to perform, that of forgetting the mother of his children, and lifting from his oppressed bosom the crushing weight that lay upon it. He might as well have tried to still, by a mental effort, the beating of his heart.

One day—it was some two months after the court had decided that he should retain possession of the children—Mr. Waverly was sitting alone, trying to cover up with some other image, and thus hide it from his sight, the intruding image of her who had once called him husband, when a letter was placed in his hands. He was about breaking the seal, but an impulse prompted him to re-examine the superscription. It was in the handwriting of his wife; or, of the one who had been his wife. Instantly it dropped upon the table by which he was sitting, while he murmured—

"It is vain—vain! Why seek to prolong the anguish of mind from which we are both suffering? It can do no good."

He then took up the letter and made a movement to throw it into the glowing grate; but, some suddenly injected thought restrained him, and, with a sigh, he replaced it upon the table.

For perhaps ten minutes Mr. Waverly sat almost motionless, crouching down in the large easy chair in which he was sitting. Then he aroused with a groan that marked the intensity of his suffering, saying aloud, in answer to some argument in his thoughts.

"It will be of no use, and only add to the pain I already suffer. She has brought a wreck upon my household—she has blasted the happiness of her husband and stained the name of her children—why not let me alone now? What can she have to say that I need hear? Nothing! There is a gulf between us that must ever remain impassable."

Awhile longer Mr. Waverly sat deeply musing, the activity of his thoughts being marked now and then by some sudden exclamation like the above. At last he arose and, taking the letter deliberately from the table, threw it into the fire.

"So ends that trial," said he, in a low, sad, yet firm voice. Again he resumed his seat, and again became lost in deep thought.

But it was very far from being ended; for, scarcely had the cinders that remained from the consuming paper, swept up the chimney, ere a feeling of regret came over the mind of Mr. Waverly.

"She is no less a sufferer than myself," such was the thought that intruded itself. "I might at least have heard her. Ah, I wish I knew what was best."

And the unhappy man struck his hands together and sighed, or rather groaned, heavily.

That was the letter which Mrs. Waverly spoke of having written. Its contents, as has been seen, never reached the eyes of him for whom they were intended. And it will also be seen that Mr. Waverly, though firm in the repudiation of his wife, was not angry towards her nor disposed to be cruel and vindictive. He deemed her unworthy to be his wife; and he had, therefore, cast her from him. If unworthy to be his wife, he regarded her alike unworthy to have the guardianship of his children, and therefore he separated them from her.

This marks the relationship that existed between the divorced wife and her former husband.

On the evening that Mr. Waverly came home and found little Ada asleep in his chamber, his thoughts had been more than usually occupied with the image of the child's mother. And his feelings were softened with more than a usual tenderness. Ada bore to her a strong resemblance, and this, without his reflecting on the cause, led him to ask for her as soon as he came in.

The little scene that took place with the child when her father found her asleep, has already been related.

As Mr. Waverly sat at tea that evening with his sister he was unusually silent. Edith spoke of Ada's bad conduct in the street and remarked that she should have to punish her for it by keeping her in the house; but her brother made no answer. After tea, he went up to his room where Ada was sleeping and, for awhile, sat by her side and gazed upon her innocent face.

"So young, and to have no mother?" came at length from his lips. "It was a happy day for dear little Edith when God took her. I could almost wish that this precious one were at rest also!"

While he was yet murmuring these words, Phoebe came in, and taking Ada in her arms, carried her away to her own chamber.

How desolate all felt to the unhappy man!—How lonely, sad, cheerless he was! She who had made the sunshine of his life; she who had caused the flowers to spring up all along his pathway had left his side, and he was moving on alone with a heart that would not be comforted.

On the next morning Mr. Waverly said to his sister, as they sat at the breakfast table.

"The day is going to be so warm and cheerful that I think a ride out with the children would do them good."

"I'm sure it would do me good," replied Edith.

"Very well. Then I will order a carriage to be here after dinner."

Both the children on hearing this clapped their hands with delight at the prospect of a ride; at which their aunt rather severely reproved them for being rude and boisterous, adding—

"You'll both have to behave a little better than usual or you will be left at home."

Instantly the little things checked their boisterous feelings and glanced towards their father, as though appealing to him against their aunt. Mr. Waverly failed to observe this; but the act did not escape Aunt Edith's notice.

"Oh, they'll be good," said Mr. Waverly, half indifferently.

"Where do you think of riding?" asked Edith of her brother, as they were leaving the table at dinner time.

"I thought of going out to Laurel Hill," replied Mr. Waverly.

"I don't wish to go there," said Edith. She spoke in a way that had the effect of rousing the will of Mr. Waverly into some activity, and he answered—

"If you feel disinclined to visit Laurel Hill, you needn't go with us to-day. We can ride again to-morrow."

"Oh, never mind me," returned Edith, with some petulance in her voice. "I can stay at home. It's of no consequence in the world!"

"I would like you to go with us, Edith," said Mr. Waverly.

"I don't wish to go," replied the sister, coldly.

"Very well. You must consult your own feelings," remarked Mr. Waverly, as he withdrew from the room.

When the carriage drew up to the door, the children came bounding down stairs; but Edith did not make her appearance.

"Run up and ask your aunt if she is going with us," said Mr. Waverly to Herbert.

The little boy went up stairs, but soon returned with word that she was lying down and didn't wish to go out.

"Poor children!" sighed Mr. Waverly, as he entered the carriage with Herbert and Ada, "I wish, for your sakes, that your aunt had a warmer and gentler heart."

But few words passed between Mr. Waverly and his children as they rode along. Ada sat beside her father, her face wearing a subdued and pensive expression; while Herbert amused himself by looking from the carriage window. As for Mr. Waverly, there was an unusual pressure on his feelings. Not for many months had he visited the spot where rested the mortal remains of his youngest child, whose loss, at the time it occurred, had touched him with acutest sorrow. How vividly present in his thoughts was the sad scene of parting with that babe! He did not bend over her alone when she lay panting in the death-struggle; no—another stood by his side, and mingled her tears with his—another against whom no suspicion of wrong had entered his heart. He almost felt the pressure of her cheek against his as when she leaned upon him in that hour of darkness, stricken of heart and comfortless.

Try as he would to shut out these images, he found it impossible. And they could not be present in his mind without giving their hue to his feelings. He thought of his rejected wife, and with tenderer emotions than he had felt towards her for a long time. She had not only the same grief for the dead child that he had suffered; but there was added thereto separation from her husband and living children, and a crushing weight of guilt.

"God help her!" came suddenly and half-audibly from the lips of Mr. Waverly, and then he closed his eyes, in the vain effort to shut out the haunting image of one he was trying so vainly to forget.

It was in this frame of mind that Mr. Waverly arrived with his children at Laurel Hill. Entering the grounds, he took his way towards the spot where Edith's body was resting. He did not observe, until he was within a few yards of the place, that the gate of his lot stood open and that a woman, in mourning garments, closely veiled, sat crouching beside the grave, with one small white hand laid upon it. Her face was bent to the ground and she was motionless as a figure of marble.

The first impulse of Mr. Waverly was to spring forward and lift the drooping form from the ground—he knew in an instant whose it was. Recovering himself he stepped noiselessly aside and passed on with his children to another part of the cemetery.

"Who was that, papa?" asked Herbert, while yet within hearing distance. He had also seen the woman.

"I don't know," replied his father, evasively.

"Wasn't that little Eda's grave?" pursued the child.

"Yes," was answered.

"What was that woman doing there?" asked Herbert.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mr. Waverly. "Come," he added, in a voice of affected cheerfulness, "Don't you want to see the river?"

Herbert was interested in a moment; but Ada walked slowly along, her eyes cast to the ground. At length, lifting them to her father's face, she asked—

"What was mamma doing there?"

Mr. Waverly paused and looked at his child in astonishment. For a moment or two he hesitated on a reply, and then asked—

"Who said it was your mamma?"

"Nobody said so," returned the child. "But wasn't it my mamma? Oh, I wish she would come home! Why don't she come home, papa? What makes you let her sleep out here and walk about the streets for? We would all love her so much? Why don't you bring her home?"

"Who told you that she walked about the streets?" asked Mr. Waverly, who was overwhelmed with surprise.

"Nobody," answered the child. "But I saw her in the street yesterday."

"You did?"

"Yes. She made Phoebe take off my shoe and get something out of it that hurt my foot, when I was crying so and could hardly walk along."

Mr. Waverly drew his breath several times, long and deeply—stood with a bewildered air for some time, and then, as what he had heard took its right place in his mind so that he could to some extent comprehend it, he walked on, again, saying as he did so:

"Come! We will go back home again!"

Taking a wide circuit, so as to avoid passing the vicinity of Edith's grave, where he supposed the mother of his children still to be, he made his way towards the gate of the Cemetery, and happily, as he felt, reached it without encountering her again.

What were the feelings of Mr. Waverly for the remainder of that day it would be hard to tell. Particularly was he moved by the declaration of Ada, that her mother had interfered between her and her nurse in the street. After a good deal of reflection he sent for Phoebe and said to her:

"Who was the lady that spoke to you in the street, yesterday?"

The face of Phoebe instantly crimsoned.

"What lady?" she inquired.

"The lady who spoke to you about something in Ada's shoe?"

"I don't know, sir."

The girl looked frightened.

"You don't who it was?"

"No, sir."

"What was the lady's appearance?"

"She was dressed in black. But I didn't see her face."

"What did she say to you?"

"She ordered me to take off Ada's shoe."

"Ordered you?"

"Yes, sir; just the same as if she had been her own mother!" replied the girl.

"It's very strange!" remarked Mr. Waverly, with much severity of tone, "that a lady should interfere with you in the street, in regard to the children. Something is wrong."

"There was nothing wrong, sir," replied the girl, in a subdued manner; "any more than Ada was crying, as she often does in the street, and this woman, whoever she was, took it into her head that I was abusing her."

"But why did she order you to take off her shoe?"

"Because Ada said her foot hurt her."

"Well. What was found in her shoe?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing at all?"

"No, sir. The shoe might have pinched her a little; but that was all. She walked well enough afterwards."

Mr. Waverly sat and mused for some time; then he said:

"Very well, Phoebe. That's all I wished to say to you."

The girl retired, and he was left alone with his perplexed thoughts. When the tea-bell rang he did not go down; and when a servant came to say that his sister and children were waiting for him, he sent word that he did not wish any supper. The evening was passed by the unhappy man alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW BALL GAME AS PLAYED IN JAPAN.—

There is a Japanese ball game which is very popular in its native land and which might well receive some attention in this country. It is known as "Temari." The "Temari" is a ball about two inches in diameter and made generally of cotton, wound round with thread, so that it keeps its roundness and is elastic. Its outside is often ornamented with different figures made of threads of different colors. A number of girls stand in a circle and one of them takes the ball and throws it perpendicularly on the ground, and when it rebounds she strikes it back towards the ground with her open hand. If it rebounds again towards her she continues doing just as before. But if it flies away the one towards whom the ball flies, or who is nearest to the direction of the flying ball, strikes it towards the ground, and the game continues until one of the players misses her stroke or fails to make the ball rebound. She is then cast out of the company and the other players play again in the same way as before, until another girl fails and is cast out. The same process continues until there is only one girl left to whom belongs the honor of victory.

ONE of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making oneself loved is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears.

WHAT OCTOBER BROUGHT US.

No. 5.

WE came back on the same delightful route, the Cincinnati Southern, through the wild gorges and tunnels, catching glimpses that would make an artist's fortune, along Emory river, and the glorious little mountain road, looking all the wilder and prettier, fresh from the dewy night.

A little mother going home from mama's, with her three little laddie boys, all of one size, and alike as peas in one pod, occupied a seat in front of us. They fitted in snugly as kittens in a basket. She wore the "regulation" sun-bonnet, and was of the "poo' white class," but she was such a magnanimous little mother. Instead of breaking the turnover in pieces, and mussing up their starched aprons, she made "Ander Jackson" take a bite and hand it to "Jay Brackenridge," and he in turn, nipped off a bite and passed it to Jonathan Henry. Every name was given in full when she addressed them, which operation consumed a good deal of time when all were addressed at once. With that sweet courtesy which belongs to the South, she gave us the largest and yellowest apple in the basket, saying it grewed on a tree that her grandfather brought all the way from the Roanoke Valley in "Old Virginny."

We met a very charming young lady before the cars reached Danville, at which point we took the Louisville and Nashville road for Lebanon Junction, the most direct route to Cave City, which is twelve miles from Mammoth Cave. She was a Southern girl, this Sallie, her good old-fashioned name told that; Sallie, Nanny, Betty and Patty, have not lost caste in the Cotton States. She was dressed in black with dazzling geranium blossoms in her shining coils of hair, and where the laces fastened at her white throat. We never saw anything prettier, or in better taste. About her wrists among the white lace was a hint of bright cardinal ribbon. Her voice was charmingly rich and sweet, and her words came softly and slowly and lingered on her lips caressingly. The sweet voices of the South abide in our memory. We loved them so. Here in the cold North, our words are harsh and clipped short, and there is no music or tenderness, or songful sweetness in them. Many a beautiful Northern woman, fair to look upon, croaks like a magpie, and the harshness of her hard unfeeling voice is like a lash on tender flesh. It is much to be lamented. In buying our tickets at Danville, Kentucky, just as the train began to move, we were slow in making change when the Southern girl, quick as thought, with that beautiful courtesy that we found so charming, paid for the ticket herself and hurried us into the cars, where we could pay her at our leisure. We will not forget pretty Sallie Thurmand.

Owing to the Exposition at Louisville, the trains were densely crowded. Every seat was made to hold three persons. There was no discomfort, but all enjoyed the occasion and made the best of it. We sat close behind a gelatinous old gentleman ninety years of age, who embraced this opportunity of visiting his son. He weighed three hundred, was a great pulpy, white, clean, well-shaven old man toward whom our heart warmed. We petted him as if he were an infant, and he received it graciously, and answered our questions with relish. It is no trifling thing to live nine-tenths of a century; to see the changes and meet them kindly; to be a Rip Van Winkle without the prolonged nap, and to keep the heart young, and fresh, and lovable. He told us Kentucky, his native state, was settled by Daniel Boone in 1769, was organized as a territory the year he was born 1790, and admitted as a State in 1792. He said the name Kentucky, meant "dark and bloody ground," from its sanguinary contests with the Indians. It was formerly a part of the western territory of Virginia, and was inhabited by warlike Indians who were ready to fight on the slightest provocation. He told us the State had one hundred and ten counties, and the greater part of them were named for statesmen, such as Clay, Crittenden, Harrison, Jackson, Jefferson, Lincoln, Monroe, and others.

St. Mary's College is a beautiful place; is one of the collegiate institutes of the State in charge of the Catholics. The grounds are very fine.

Crab Orchard Springs is a resort on the L. & N. road. Its waters are highly medicinal—chalybeate, Epsom, red, black and white Sulphur. The great building with its long porches, low windows, wide hospitable roof, smooth green lawns, shrubbery, swings and gravelled paths, were very urgent in invitation to "come and stay." No outreaching grand-arms were ever more coaxing. Places, as well as mother's faces, have a winning kindly expression.

Lebanon is a quiet place, on this road, the county-seat of Marion county. Those beautiful old homes where the roses clambered over colonnade, and window, and eaves, and nestled on the roofs, were doubtless the homes at one time of the lovely Kentucky belles whose beauty, graces, and accomplishments made their fame world-wide. We thought of this, and of the dazzling beauties of whom we had read in our childhood, and for whom we named our dolls—the staring little things with whitish-gray muslin heads and inky eyes.

A lovely brunette, past the prime of girlhood, entered the cars at this place. She was a magnificent woman. Her face, the Madonna type, her complexion of creamy pallor, her mouth perfect, with the delicate curve of the upper lip, eyes of soft brown, modest, graceful, self-possessed. She was soon absorbed in a book, and we could admire her without rudeness. The beautiful face of the

Kentucky lady comes up before us often, perfect in every feature.

We changed cars at Lebanon Junction; they were filled, crowded with people going from Louisville, home from the Exposition. In the North a lady may stand, or ask leave in a cringing, beggarly way to sit beside the man with his overcoat, green baize fiddle-bag, two satchels and a box; or beside the woman whose eyes agape, "betwixt the broad land and deep sky are moving;" but in the South the tables are turned. There the generous courtesy, inborn, impels a gentleman to offer his seat to a lady. We have seen no less than four men rise, bow, and make the lady feel that the honor is all on his side.

We chanced to sit near an Indianian. Lily occupied a seat near a Kentuckian. It was easy to enter into conversation, churlish not to do so, under the circumstances. After the hoosier had learned where we lived; how much stock the Deacon kept; the price of pork in the Ohio market; how corn and potatoes were likely to yield; whether we would vote for Garfield or Hancock; how much a through-ticket cost; how much of a deduction was allowed on special rates; whether we were connected with the Pottses in Indiana; and "whether or no we wasn't afeard to travel 'thout a male pectorator," he settled down and drummed his horny nails on the window-frame. Then he asked us if we were "morried." He then drummed again like the pheasant in his own native woods.

He watched Lily narrowly. His scrutinizing glances toward her annoyed us, and we looked around to divine the cause. We saw nothing wrong. The Kentuckian in the seat near was addressing his conversation to her: his head was bared respectfully, his voice was the soft, musical voice of the South. We observed that he wore a grey Confederate uniform with brass buttons. He was a trim-built, intelligent-looking man, his language well-chosen, and he was telling about a visit to the Mammoth Cave, years ago. At last the Indianian could contain his bitter wrath no longer, and he glared back at her and hissed out through his yellow teeth:

"Some girls likes brass buttons!"

Nothing daunted, we coolly responded:

"Yes, there are so many kinds of buttons manufactured now that one cannot fail to be pleased with 'a selection.'"

The ill-disposed, snarling puppy should have kept over the line if he could not conduct himself like a gentleman in the lands of those whom we had conquered in a fair fight. If he were "morried," when he left home to go among those whom he disliked, his wife should have given him as parting advice the bit of good counsel, "don't forget that you are a gentleman," or she might have changed it to "try and be a gentleman."

The Kentuckian was a United States' officer, returning from Louisville, where he had been taking some moonshiners, or outlaws. His conversation was pleasing, fresh and original, and bright, and his civilities were flattering and agreeable, and we were glad to have met a sample Kentuckian.

At Mumfordsville we looked out in the moonlight, and thought of the dozens of letters we had sent there to our boy during the war. To the north uprose a peak, straight up as a flag-staff, and the pointed trees on its summit outlined against the blue sky. When we reached home we asked the "bold soldier boy" if he remembered the high point north of the village, and the reply was:

"The first thing our boys did after we camped there was to run up the Stars and Stripes from that peak. Oh, the old flag did float out most grandly from there!"

Green River, of which Bryant sang so sweetly, of the Spring days on its fringed banks; of "blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;" of its deepening dimples; its

"Winding away from haunts of men

To quiet valley and shaded glen,

Past forest and meadow and slope of hill."

Some of the moonlight glimpses of the pastoral beauty of Green River were enchanting. We were prepared to see fine landscapes, beautified by this gently-flowing stream. Its poetry had become familiar; its celebrity national. It is one of the picturesque rivers of North America. It is a tributary of the Ohio, rises near the centre of the State of Kentucky, and flows through it, first in a westward direction, for about one hundred and sixty miles, passing the Mammoth Cave, then northward for the remainder of its course. It joins the Ohio nine miles above Evansville, in Indiana. It is about six hundred feet wide at its mouth. Small steamers run on it for about two hundred miles. The lower course of Green River abounds in coal.

We left the cars at Cave City, the nearest railroad point to the Mammoth Cave, which was about twelve miles distant. The night was chilly and the fires were low, and the terminus was not home-like, but we had agreed to make lots of sunshine for ourselves, to let nothing annoy us, and we hurried off to bed to get warm. The sheets were cold as pewter sheets, and we wished for one of the Deacon's woolly blankets, which our ingenuity soon supplied. We flipped off the covers, and took our great blanket-shawl out of the strap and improvised a blanket on short notice. And then we comforted ourselves by thinking of the grand realization that to-morrow's dawn held in store for us; counted our blessings; laughing over that special one which the genial poet, Trowbridge, puts into the babbling mouth of old Simon

Dole, who comforted his heart-sick, lonely, yearning wife by telling her:

"Why I'm here! You have me an' I have you!"

The morning was cool and we rose early. A gentleman and his wife from Brooklyn, N. Y., on their twenty-second bridal tour, had arrived in the night and met us at the breakfast table. They were going to the cave likewise. What square meals the Kentuckians do have! Baked sweet potatoes, fried chicken, corn muffins, juicy steak and coffee, mellowed with cream distilled from clover blooms and the pure waters of the meadow brooks.

In ante-bellum days the spacious dining-room at the Cave City Hotel had been a ball-room. So while we sipped our coffee—not very leisurely—for the ominous toot of the driver's horn at the front stoop was the first signal in the programme of the momentous day—it were easy to imagine the gayety that those low, wide ceilings had witnessed. The little platform on which the darkey fiddlers had sat dealing out the delicious music from long drawn or twiddling bows was still there.

The old hotel with many of the old-time appointments was a pleasant place to stop at; it was an "old Kentucky home," full of memories to some persons, perhaps painful memories, too.

The coach was large and comfortable, and abundant robes and wraps were provided, the driver a colored boy, a jolly, satisfied, laughing lad with a fine stock of complimentary phrases ready for use. As we rattled out of Cave City over a stony sandy road, among low brush and dead girdled trees and deserted cabin homes with crumbling chimneys. The face of the country seemed to wear the dreary aspect of a lonely, rural churchyard.

When we looked back from the easy seat in the old stage-coach we were surprised to see that the city we had just left was only a cluster of houses surrounded by gray corn-fields—a quiet little hamlet through which passed the railroad. It is in Edmondson County. Within this county there are no less than four thousand sink holes and several hundred open caverns or grottoes, some of them named, while others are insignificant. The road goes winding among the hills and crosses a high table land to the bluffs of Green river.

There are not many farms, the lands are poorly tilled; the cabins, many in a state of dilapidation, while a few are white-washed outside with the limestone found in the beds of clean brooks.

The men and women appear poor and cadaverous and ill-fed, and their trousers have a look of being made for a bigger man, and their dingy calico sun-bonnets flop and flap without starch or ties. They do not sit well on horseback, either—they are stringy and limp and nerveless, and they dangle dolefully. We did not like the appearance of the

poor whites; they had no excuse for being so very poor-whitey.

At a pretty house at the roadside where grass and lilacs and altheas beautified the dooryard, and where sweet asters made starry the two mounds beside the wicket gate, the driver tooted cheerfully and a little school ma'am came tripping out with azure ribbons in her hair, to get her news; two letters in white envelopes and one paper. Our woman's curiosity made us glance at the neat superscription on them as we took them down from the driver's hand: "Miss Hattie Howard."

Whenever the driver stopped to water the horses at the clear brooks crossing the road two or three little tads of boys would present themselves selling apples, hazel-nuts, chestnuts, hickory nuts ready cracked, and one blessed little urchin so ragged that no garment was visible, just a loose thatching of fluttering rags, after receiving over-pay for half-a-dozen hard red apples from the gentleman from Brooklyn—George, his wife called him—held up his hand and said "here's your change, sir," offering the nickels and pennies due.

"Keep it, my little man," was the reply.

"Well then, if you don't want the change you take this for a present," said the live little Kentuckian, fishing out of a nondescript hiding place a small stone that rattled when shaken.

Mr. George looked at the gift, shook it, thrust his hand into his pocket for recompense, but the sense of honor that made the chivalrous man-child throw back his head and shoulders, forbade further action. The bearing of the little ragamuffin said as plainly as print that "we men deal fairly."

The ox teams commonly used in that part of the state, sometimes with a horse hitched in the lead was something new to our little party. They do not make a dashing nor a graceful team.

Harness pieced and lengthened by bits of rope is not unusual. Sometimes we saw lanky women riding on a man's saddle or a sack secured to the back of the quadruped by a remnant of clothesline, their limbs swinging listlessly as they tweaked a rope halter flopping it from side to side;

"Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme."

Perhaps these women would have seemed under other and more favorable circumstances to have had a grace of motion, but the ever-present sign of snuff-rubbing robbed them of the last vestige. The little twig end of the brush was bobbing about their mouths continually; they were not conscious of it, so firmly has the disagreeable habit grown into their lives.

The old Kentucky homes, lowly and desolate since "the darkeys had to part," stand in the bare stony fields, the windows gone, the doorways fall-

ing to one side, the chimneys toppled over into a heap of rubbish through which the prickly thistles have pushed their way; the low door-steps of flag-stone mottled with lichen and grown over with trails of ivy—only the abode of bats and hornets, and the hardy little pee-wee that delights to brood in solitude.

As we rode along silently each one busy with the thoughts of ante-bellum days, Mr. George hummed softly:

"They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door."

The sallow faces of the poor men, who walked with shambling gait followed by a brace of well-fed dogs, or who rode listlessly carrying their rifles, made a point for a spirited conversation—

not controversial—in which we all agreed that poverty was in the blood: the weak, willing, submissive nature could not be energized because of its hereditary inheritance. Poor Jeremiah Colbath whose narrow and thorny path widened as it went onward and upward, and finally from the honored chair of the Vice President of the United States into Heaven, loved and mourned by a nation for the beautiful example of his life and deeds and the good he wrought—was a grand and noble exception.

Looking into the faces that indicated a lack of force, vigor, character, we could not help laughing when Lily took up the words of Cæsar to Mark Antony:

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

PIPSEY POTTS.

The Home Circle.

OUR LADY BEAUTIFUL.

FIVE of our girls went with us to spend a fortnight at Chautauqua. We had grand good times. We all boarded at the same nice little cottage with piazzas overlooking the Lake. We shall always remember that fortnight with pleasure. Things do "happen" though, at Chautauqua just the same as they transpire elsewhere, and we want to tell an incident which taught our girls a good lesson, and one that they will not soon forget.

At our long dining table were several handsome women, beautiful, dark-eyed, dusky-haired ladies; fair golden-haired blondes with pearly complexions; elderly matrons with soft grey hair in puffs and waves; bright romping school-girls whose jubilant laughter made delightful music, and staid gentle, sweet-voiced school ma'ams whose gracious dignity was a passport to everyone's favor.

By common consent we all called the lovely woman who always sat at the lower end of the table "Our Lady Beautiful." Esther first called her by that pretty title, and the rest of us adopted it easily. How we did admire her! How we watched the queenly poise of the beautiful head! Her smile, the soft caress that lingered in her finely modulated voice; her hands like carved marble, her step, and her graceful bow and soft waves of brownish-grey hair, all won our admiration. The first greeting at the table in the morning was given to her "Our Lady Beautiful." "How did she rest?" and "how was the pain in her head?" and "how did she like the last evening's entertainment?" and "should we not go to the post-office and save her the walk up the hill?" were little ways in which we all vied in manifesting our devotion and admiration, and the profound respect we had for her—the beautiful woman whom we shrined. Her name was pretty—Louise Livingston. Her clothing was rich, but modest and not overstrained nor in the extreme fashion. Her manners were charming; she was not a great talker; she rarely referred to herself, and never to

her family; but in a passing remark while we at the table were referring to the lecture on woman's suffrage, she did say something from which we learned that her yearly taxes were over eight hundred dollars, and that she was an unmarried woman. Then to the girls she appeared lovelier than ever. Esther said, "I hope she pays her dress-maker well;" Mary said, "I wish Prof. McWilliams' wife was as sweet as she is, and heard my lessons in Latin and French; I'm quite sure she would not scold me as often as I get scolded now." Tudie said, "oh, she is just too sweet for anything;" and we, Aunt Chatty thought, "whom the Lord has so blest with all good, useful, and lovable gifts may she use them to his honor and glory, and to the advancement of His kingdom and His work."

We boarders were all quite carried away with the rare beauty of face and form, and voice and manner of this beautiful woman, and in our own room the girls declared Louise Livingston's lovely picture would have added the finishing touch to Mrs. Stowe's "Eminent Women."

Esther said to us one day after our return from the Amphitheatre where we had listened to one of Gough's inimitable lectures, "Aunt Chatty, I do feel mortified, I cannot help it; I believe I am heartily ashamed of myself."

Esther stood before the mirror brushing her long soft hair. We took the brush out of her hand and motioned to a seat on the end of the sofa, saying, "sit down dear and confess."

"Why I sat beside Louise during that delightful lecture and with that grand audience of six thousand I just laughed as hard and as joyously as any rude boy," said poor Esther, with a rosy blush of shame, on cheek, neck, and brow; "I could not help it, everybody else laughed with the most delightful abandon. No, she didn't laugh, she did not even smile, and one time when I was almost overcome with laughter, my bonnet fell back into the lap of the lady behind me, who picked it up and replaced it on my head; I apologized, but the

lady who was fired with the enthusiasm that magnetized the vast audience, in a pretty way replied with an apt quotation from Spakespeare, which was very proper and pretty in that place. Just then I chanced to meet the gaze of my companion, and I never saw any face express so much contempt and scorn; I almost withered under it; I felt so unwomanly, and as if I had belittled myself amazingly."

At the table at dinner Louise Livingston showed surprise that all the boarders had found so much pleasure in Gough's lecture. How people could be so completely carried away with the scrappy odds and ends, and anecdotes and egotism, displayed in Gough's lecture, was beyond her comprehension. This she said in her sweet, soft, charming tone of voice, the seductive voice that had made us all captives; said it with the kindly affection beaming in her beautiful eyes, the serene sweetness about her bewitching red lips, and her white fine forehead as smooth and placid as marble.

This was the first flaw we found in the perfect piece of womanhood. It was nothing; still we were quieted into thoughtful silence for a few moments. Not a voice broke the stillness; there was no sound save the tinkle of the china and the ring of the cutlery. Then an elderly woman, a woman who looked as though she had come up through great tribulation, spoke. There was a tremor in her speech, and her eyes almost glittered with pent-up excitement: "John B. Gough saved my boy, bless God; I could go down in gratitude with my face to the ground, at his feet!—Oh—h!" and she clasped her hands over her heart and began swaying backward and forward, the sobs choking her utterance. It was an embarrassing scene. No one wants to see a woman cry. Even Our Lady Beautiful did not dream of such a *dénouement*, and began, "My dear madam, I am so sorry; I hope, my dear friend, you will not remember my thoughtless words."

The poor bereaved mother was a woman of good sense, a heroic, resolute woman, and she soon rallied and was herself again. The quiet soul! She was gold purified from dross—a mother worth her weight in diamonds, and this little incident endeared her to us all.

Toward the close of the week Louise Livingston announced, one day at dinner, that she was going home; some financial matters required her attention, and though she disliked to leave Chau-tauqua she must go. We all said we would miss her, and were sorry to have our pleasant little circle broken. But the great sorrow which this announcement would have brought to us a week before did not come to us now.

The next morning, when the news-boy came along with his papers, we all paid his price—six cents—gladly, but we heard the lady Louise chaffering with another boy on the corner, trying to buy one for five cents. The boy did not yield, neither did our lady, and she contented herself with looking at ours after we had read it.

She excused her parsimony before our girls, by saying apologetically, that the taking care of the pennies was one of the roads to wealth. She was so pretty, Our Lady Beautiful, that we would not see her transformed to become like any other woman made of grosser stuff. We could not conceive that the owner of the lovely face and figure

had the faults of her less fortunate and favored sisters. But we, too, the champion of the lady Louise, had to succumb at last—more's the pity!

Our rooms joined. There was only a thin shaky board partition between us. Conversation carried on in one's usual tone of voice could be distinctly heard. One morning, as we all sat busy before the lecture, some of us writing, others putting lace about neck and sleeves of dresses, and ourselves darning a place that was "giving" in Mary's sacque, we heard the stolid tread of the robust Irish laundress ascending the stairs. She paused at our door a moment, then tapped softly on the one beside it, and Our Lady Beautiful opened it. Then she spoke, while the tired drudge was left standing like a criminal arraigned: "So you called to see me about that dirty washing, did you?" she said, and her voice was as even as a silken thread of finest texture.

"Indade, and I don't want ye to call it a dirty washin' Miss; 'fore now I've washed for the Vincense, an' the Beards, an' the Hurlbutts, an' the Milleresses, an' all the fine folks, an' niver did man of 'em call my work dirty!" and there was real melody in the rich Irish brogue of the modest working-woman's voice.

"Very well," was the smooth answer. "I've no doubt but that you did laundry work for these people, but then don't try to make me believe that you carried home such dirty things as you did to me. Those women would not take such a job off your hands. I want to settle with you; I don't want to waste words either. You said you charged one dollar and a half a dozen. Now I will pay you one dollar even, and no more, and if you can take that, you will get nothing. I am a lady. I do not pay anybody full price if their work is not well done. That is one of my established rules."

O how hard the voice grew! how pitiless it was!

Bridget said, "I'll take the washin' home, an' thry an' suit you, Miss."

"Indeed you will not! If I come here every year while I live, you will never touch another garment of mine, you sloven you!" and the low sweet music of the winsome voice had the sharp snarl of a cat's squall in it.

And then the two looked over the washing, and the catty voice, pitched too high for the voice of a gentlewoman, snarled, "do you see that yellow streak on this sheet? and here on this calico night-gown is the smirch of your dirty hands, you sloven!"

"Will you take one dollar a dozen? Yes or no! tell me quick! if I had you at my home I'd have an officer after you before to-morrow!" and the tones were those of a virago.

"Oh dear!" sobbed the poor creature, "it seems 'at every thing's against me. My old mother is palsied an' has not walked a step in two year, an' what wid carin' for her and the rint, and every-thing to buy, Lord knows I can't keep soul an' body thegither much longer! Le' me take it home please, the sheet an' the gown, an' if soap and bilin' wather will do any good, I'll return 'em clean to-morrow. God bless ye fur a Christian, Miss, come now, do! You don't want to take the 'vantage of a pore Irish girl, no!" and the pleading was pitiful.

With bated breath we listened and how we

hoped "Our Lady Beautiful" would give the poor girl the two offending articles and allow her the usual price after the yellow streak and the smirch were removed, but instead, she said "One dollar a dozen or nothing at all!" and the tones were as merciless as a jailor's.

"I showed ye my recomind, Miss, from the Vincense and the Hurlbut, and the Millerses, and I have washed for thim goin' on five year an' 'deed Miss I can't believe the smirch an' the strake got on at all at all, in my house. I think, berrin' yer presence, Miss, they got on here, where everything is heaped an' cluttered together," and the plaint in the mournful drawl was really touching.

But "Our Lady Beautiful" was firm, and finally when the poor creature consented to receive the meagre pay, as better than nothing, a twenty dollar bill was offered her. Of course she could not make the change, and with a whine that was half a cry, she handed it back. And then through the treacherous partition of thin pine we listened to an abusive lecture which was heaped upon the poor woman without stint. It was hard to sit there and not appear as attorney for the plaintiff. Finally Our Lady said, "I shall not start before Saturday. I will leave the correct change in the hands of my landlady, Mrs. Fielding, for you, I will tell her what it is for; and now go, and you may be glad that I pay you anything at all! Many a lady would not have paid you one cent!"

At supper that evening we thought we had never looked upon a more repulsive face than tall, stately, queenly Louise Livingston's. It repelled us. It was decidedly ugly. The beautiful, white forehead that we had called intellectual, was hard and characterless. The fine mouth was hateful and full of scorn, and the curve of the lips betokened selfishness instead of sweetness. The poise of the head was not graceful, it was studied, and tricky, and was one of the finest feminine frauds, artistically managed. No! she was not beautiful, —far from it. Not as beautiful as the round robust Irish girl whose rugged muscular arms splashed the white foam of the suds until it flecked her sooty black hair, and flew into her keen bluish-grey eyes.

While we all sat looking over the fresh *Heralds* the next morning in the dining-room, a wagon halted at the side door, and the one large trunk was trundled end over end and slid down the stairs, through the hall, and off the steps into the open end of the wagon. And then Louise, the deposed queen, came down after it, her soft silk of silvery sheen which so well became her proud figure and her fair calm face, exchanged for a travelling suit. Her shawl hung on her arm, and her right hand was ungloved, ready for farewells, but—perverseness of woman!—we all read on eagerly, the news was so fresh and entertaining! She paused at the veranda and broke off a spray of crimson flowers and stuck them in a button-hole, and then twirling the empty glove by the thumb in a hesitating, halting way, she caught up a handful of her trim skirts out of the dew, and followed after the driver and her baggage. She was gone! We were wiser. We thought of the old saw about rockets and sticks.

That evening our landlady was very busy and we were glad to help her wash the dishes and set the table for morning. It did not require much skill to fish out the bit of information we were in search of. "Did the poor Irish laundress get her

pay?" No. Not a word was spoken about it. And when the deceived woman called for it, and cried right out in her sorrow, we were touched with sympathy, and the boarders paid the debt for the beauty whose taxes were her glory, the silken tethers which are the bonds that hold in sweet captivity "Our Lady Beautiful."

CHATTY BROOKS.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THE custom of giving presents at Christmas has become so universal, that there is scarcely an individual in the land no matter how poor or humble, who is not both giver and a receiver of some token of good-will. While the heart does not always inspire the act of giving, yet into the act the heart is almost sure to come and soften with good-will, and a warmer interest in the recipient. Many a gift almost grudgingly made has been as a key to open the doors of a close heart and let in the warm sunlight and fragrant airs of kindness and sympathy. A year ago I saw in the Boston *Traveller* an article on our American Christmas which contained so many good suggestions about Christmas presents and the spirit in which they should be made, that I cut it out, and now send it for the "Home Circle" in which I trust it will find a place:

"The old 'Merrie Christmas' of England, with all its glad fun and wild revelry, takes on a different character when filtered through the American mind. Retaining its mirth and glee it takes on a more substantial texture, so to speak. Through all the gladness thrills a tender, sacred sadness that is yet not sorrow, but which just touches the day with holy memories. In England, where carols are sung from door to door, where the first sounds of the morning come in music as the children go about and sing:

God rest you all, good gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay:
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.

The song becomes a part of the morning, like the chiming of bells or the throngs of people on the street. But while the pretty carols are not a feature of the American Christmas, the spirit of them is deeply and universally felt. There is a utilitarian side to our Christmas, too, but it is redeemed from the materialistic by the insight of love, or of true neighborly kindness. A gift has not less of sympathy because it may be of use, yet the thought, the remembrance, is more than any intrinsic value. Phœbe Cary, in her little poem of *The Wife's Christmas*, touchingly expresses this when the young wife only asked

A trifle of a flower to hold,
Or a ribbon for my hair,
But to be forgotten, Charlie,
It is that which brings a tear.
And just to think that I haven't been
Your wife but a single year.

"The selection of Christmas gifts is a matter so delicate, so complex, so modified by invisible circumstances, that it is a subject impossible to outline, and yet there is an ever-applicable rule which is, after all, only a modification of the Golden Rule—that it shall in every sense gratify both receiver and giver, and that it shall not wound the most delicate feelings. The only real reason for

offering a Christmas gift is the spirit that prompts it. Unless you have given your friend words and loving regard, more precious than all outward tokens, you have no right to offer him a Christmas gift. This day is especially the festival of the family, the home and the Church, and this manifold character may be observed in gifts.

"The ideal Christmas is to have made some one happy, and for this the means are as different as are the individuals. The gift should be adapted to the circumstances of both the giver and the recipient. To receive a costly gift which one knows his friend could not afford, and which will entail on him many a sacrifice of needed comforts, is a source of pain only, and the more so that it is hardly of a nature to be expressed. A gift that brings with it a perpetual sense of obligation is worse than valueless. Again, luxurious presents which the giver can afford but which the recipient cannot afford to have, are utterly out of taste and betray an absence of thought rather than the delicate divination that should determine the offering. It may, at first seem an anomaly that one cannot afford to merely possess an article of luxury, freely given, but is none the less true.

"We all remember the minister's silk stockings, which absolutely compelled him to refurnish his wardrobe, which he could ill afford; but being the gift of a wealthy parishioner, he dared not offend her by not using her gift—the hose of those days being a prominent article of costume. And we all remember, too, the new parlor carpet of Christopher Crowfield, which ultimately entailed upon that genial gentleman the entire refurnishing of his house by way of preserving harmony in its appearance. To a young married couple who are housekeeping on a limited but tasteful and comfortable scale, the gift of a diamond pin or ring would be far less appropriate, because it would afford far less pleasure, than would a gift of a set of books, of a fine picture, or some rare and beautiful engraving. At the first reverse of fortune, the diamonds would be the first thing to find their way to the "uncle," in his mysterious precincts of the three gilt balls, while books and pictures are a joy forever in the simplest of homes. To a boy full of fun and frolic the gift of a pair of skates would doubtless afford far more pleasure than the gift of that splendid new, illustrated volume of Longfellow's poems. A gift need not, either, be purely ornamental. Articles of use are quite as appropriate, when mutual circumstances indicate them.

"We are accused of being a very practical nation, and the American Christmas partakes of this character. While we bring rare flowers to the chancel and the altar in church; while we wreath our homes in Christmas greens, and even have our holly and our mistletoe bough; while we make gifts of rare and beautiful things from all parts of the world, we do not yet forget to send the substantial of a Christmas dinner to those who might not rejoice in one otherwise, nor forget the cheap toys that make glad the hearts of the poor and desolate little ones of earth. The American Christmas is a complex subject after all. It has as many different phases as it has people who celebrate it. From an observance of the church it has come to be a national holiday, and its influence is toward the development of all that is highest and most unselfish in humanity.

"Christmas offerings have their re-actionary effect upon character. Like the quality of mercy, they are a blessing to him who gives and him who takes. The true spirit of Christmas is the culture of all that is finest, and sweetest, and highest in life. Far beyond any greatness of achievement, beyond any flush of material success, are the silent, sure graces of character which transform life itself into one grand and immortal success. And after all, we can cling to but one unerring rule for the Christmas joy: to make some one happy, some life gladder than it was before, for the sake of Him in whose name we celebrate Christmas." G.

OLD TIME REMEMBRANCES.

AFTER we have spent many years in this work-a-day world, and are fast getting to be old people, how pleasant it is to be able to lift the misty curtains of memory, and look in upon the days of our childhood again.

I can remember, when a child, of the many happy days I spent in the dear old country. I can shut my eyes and wander off into the dream-land of the past.

The sky is so blue, and the birds are singing such merry songs; the grasses are waving to and fro for very gladness; warm-hearted clovers and butter-cups with their golden stars, are growing side by side, making love, as in the old days. I can even hear a soft little melody, that comes sweetly down from the leaves of the old oak tree.

Dear old tree! have you really a memory I wonder? can you look back to the time when Cousin Ben carved our names side by side on your great rough trunk? How bitterly I cried, for I loved the old tree so I thought that it must surely feel the sharp strokes of the knife, as it cut into the tender bark.

Poor Cousin Ben! he said good-bye to us one pleasant spring day, and went away only to find a resting-place at the bottom of the treacherous ocean. And my Cousin Jessie! she was a winsome lassie, good and bonny, but always mischievous. Many of the young farmers tried their best to win her. One, oh! I can see him now, tall and bony, and very bashful, with such red hair!

He used to annoy Cousin Jessie, so persistent was he in his efforts to make her like him. He imagined himself a famous musician: He had a very strange habit of shutting his eyes, whenever he became interested in singing. The louder he would sing, the wider he would open his mouth, and the tighter would he shut his eyes. I used to sit and watch him curiously, and when his mouth was opened to its fullest extent I trembled, for I really thought he would swallow me down without so much as stopping to make two mouthfuls.

I remember that one evening quite a number of young people were assembled together. Of course he was there, for the Lantern (a name he was often called by, out of regard for his bright-tinted hair), never failed to be where Miss Jessie was. Now began the amusements of the evening, and the Lantern was called upon to contribute his mite. Though this was many years ago, yet my Aunt had a piano, and so the Lantern, seating himself upon the piano-stool, giggled and blushed, and then spread his great, awkward-looking hands

over the smooth white keys; it was a painful contrast.

He opened his mouth, and the room was filled with—well one may as well call it melody as anything else. Presently his eyes closed, and then, at a given signal from the pretty hostess, Cousin Jessie, all the young people tip-toed softly out of the room, leaving the Lantern with nobody to listen to his singing but poor little me.

After he thought that he had fully accomplished his musical feat, he ceased singing and opened his eyes. Well, his hat was in the hall, so taking it he opened the front door, and quickly passed away forever, and my Cousin Jessie never saw him again. But, some five or six years afterwards, the news reached my cousin that he had died, and that he had accumulated a handsome fortune, which he left entirely to her as a token, he said, of his forgiveness for the unpleasant trick that my merry young cousin had played on him.

Sunday was a pleasant day with the country-folk; their faces all wore a peaceful, contented look, for they were going to have such a long day of rest.

The greater number of the people lived at such a long distance from the church, that they were obliged to ride. Such a long, pleasant ride as it was! with the flowers nodding us a happy good morning, and the birds singing such merry songs, and the laddies casting such shy glances at all the rosy-cheeked lassies.

I can recollect nothing about the service, except that it was very long and tedious. I usually went to sleep before it was half through. But sometimes my kind old aunt would thoughtfully give me a peppermint lozenge—only one; but it was enough, for it brought the tears to my eyes, and kept me wide awake during the entire service.

At half-past twelve o'clock, the service for the morning ceased, and then there was a general confusion.

Very few people, if any, went home; they carried their luncheon with them to church. It generally consisted of old-fashioned seed-cakes. After that was over, the congregation would indulge in a friendly little gossip; with the exception of a young couple or two, who would steal softly away, and when they returned the lassie's eyes would be downcast, and crimson roses would be blushing in her cheeks, and the laddie would hold her small hand tightly in his big one, as if he were afraid she would run away. He had evidently been telling her the sweet old story, so old yet always new to the tender listener.

Shortly after one o'clock, the afternoon service began; at three o'clock all was over, and everybody started for home. How eager every one was for dinner, and such a good, old-fashioned dinner as it was! To be sure, there was rye bread, and the coffee was only sweet-corn roasted; but then the pumpkin-pies were so good, they made up for all deficiencies.

As we had a four o'clock dinner, nobody really cared about tea. So the evening would be spent in visiting back and forth among the young people, while the old folks would sit quietly in their easy chairs. Between eight and nine o'clock my aunt would go into the buttery, and come out armed with mince-pies, cottage-cheese or pot-cheese (which all the country-folk called it), and pickles.

It was a queer mixture, but it tasted good. One

Sunday evening, I think that I never shall forget it, my aunt sent me into the buttery to bring out the things. I succeeded in getting the pies safely on the table, but in reaching for the pickles I upset them all into a pan of fresh milk.

Now my aunt well knew how to use her tongue, so, like a small coward, I ran away, and spent the night with a neighbor; thus escaping a scolding that I would not at all have relished.

Ah well! the old times are passed, though by many they will never be forgotten, and the old folks will have a sigh and a laugh for the sake of old time remembrances.

HAMILTON.

"ON EARTH GOOD-WILL AND PEACE."

NEARLY nineteen hundred years ago, while the darkness of night was still over the earth, a holy light appeared; the shepherds watching their flocks saw it and were affrighted. But the voice of an angel re-assured them, saying "Fear not, for unto you a Saviour is born," and they heard the heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

And now, nearly nineteen hundred years later, that day is still held in sacred memory. In the morning before the day dispelled the darkness the voices of happy children are heard, rosy little lips murmur "Merry Christmas" and bright, sparkling eyes and happy, loving hearts make it a "Merry Christmas" for all who look upon their pleasure.

It is meet that the children should be happy on the birthday of Him who so loved them. But to us all does it come with blessing and healing in its hand, if we do not wilfully close our hearts against its Divine influence. The hearts of the aged are touched with the present joy, but still more by sweet memories and tender recollections; the hearts of men and women of all ages are warmed by the abrogation of selfish cares, the delight in giving and receiving, or, at least, the joying in others' joys; all are touched by the feeling of universal love and charity.

There can be no feeling that is general throughout a society that does not gather strength by its universality; and when the most of the people of Christian civilization throughout the world have their thoughts centred on one object, at the same time, the links that bind humanity are so close that, although we may not realize it, the throbbing of the grand vital nerve of the human race sends thrills of extra warmth, and life, and love throughout the whole.

On this Christmas day we think of the wise men following the "star in the east" that rose upon their sight and went before them to where the Saviour lay; of the holy babe that had come upon the earth and lay within a manger, a position so lowly and humble that all might approach and do Him homage, that none could be driven away on account of the wealth or dignity of His surroundings; but with a purity so immaculate, a nobility so high, that none of us can ever reach it.

We think of the loveliness that must have dwelt upon that infant face, a beauty that no other child, pure and lovely, and innocent as they all are, could ever have had. We think of what

that boyish life must have been, of which we have so little record, yet, during which, He was gaining strength to fight against and vanquish all the evils of humanity; we recall the story of that life so brief, of that struggle so portentous. "The light that was never on land or sea," must have been the light upon his face when He was giving utterance to His sublime teachings.

We still hear in our breasts a still, small voice whispering "Peace on earth, good-will to men." "Love your enemies," "Do good to them that hate you," "Reville not again," "Forgive even unto seventy times seven,"—and we repent, and manifest our "good-will toward men" one day in the year. It is better that it should be so on Christmas day alone than not to be at all; it is a little leaven, and we know not how much good even a little leaven may work.

It is easy to be kind, and generous, and charitable, when everything combines to make us kind, and generous, and charitable; it is easy to get into the sunlight when the sun shines; it is easy to be brighter when the majority of the people of the civilized world are upholding their hands and lifting the clouds from off the hearts of men. The heaviest sorrows can be held a little in abeyance for one day while we minister to others, or, at least we do not rob them of their joy by holding before them the vision of our sadness.

These things are all as they should be, but it is so comparatively easy to do what all are doing, to hold out the hand of good fellowship when all hands are outstretched. Should there not be "good-will toward men" on *all* days of the year in memory of the Lord's birth, and life, and death? Should not the hand of good fellowship always be outstretched? There are always hands groping in the darkness for the sustaining grasp that shall give them strength.

If we can forget our animosities, forgive our enemies, and, what is harder, forgive those whom we have injured, for one day, could we not forgive on other days; if we can give words of kindness, of good cheer, of warmth on one day, could we not find such words to utter on other days "for Christ's sake." At least, if we think we cannot find time to make sunlight on the pathway of others, let us not stand in their light creating a darkness, where, perhaps, but for us, there might have been light.

I think there is a meaning attached to the fact that it was in the night time, while the shepherds were attending their flocks, the good tidings were brought to them. It is in the night time that

"An army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul."

It is in the night time that fears, and doubts, and anxieties, close about us. Trials that day-dawn may dispel loom up like unquiet ghosts that refuse to be laid, in the night.

So in our spiritual night while discouragement has us in its clasp, while all our evil fancies, our evil desires and affections, are in the ascendancy, unless we guard against these enemies to the peaceful welfare of our flocks, the good becomes eclipsed, and discord and anarchy reign. But if we watch throughout the night that no evil thoughts approach; if we are vigilant and sleep not while the enemy threateneth; as the morning breaketh will come the voice of the angel

bearing good tidings, and there will arise a "star in the east," which if we follow, will lead us into the presence of the Lord. Aye, even to the foot of the throne where we can gather our flocks—the attributes, affections and talents that were given into our care; and which by our care, our use or our abuse, have formed our character and our life. If we have been faithful shepherds, if we have guarded and tended them unceasingly through the night time as well as through the day time, we shall hear the heavenly hosts chanting a song of praise and we shall be received into everlasting rest.

AUNTIE.

A KING'S BIRTHDAY.

"There's a song in the air;
There's a star in the sky;
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire
While the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
Shelters a King."

IT was night on the plains of Judea. A calm starlight winter night; yet so warm in that mild clime, that the shepherds sat upon the gentle slopes, watching their flocks as they cropped the herbage, or lay asleep on the grassy earth.

In the little town of Bethlehem, the stir and hum of bustle and business which had lately pervaded its streets, was hushed. All through the preceding day a stream of people had been pouring in, with wagons, with beasts of burden, and on foot; coming to the chief town of their province, for the great taxing day, just appointed by the Roman emperor's decree.

Inns and private houses were full, and still they came, until even the barns and cattle-sheds had to be made available for shelter.

Now, all was quiet under the starry skies, and one star brighter than all the rest, paused in its course to shed its rays directly upon this favored spot. Across the hills a faint breeze was borne, laden with sweet odors from the groves which crowned their summits. It was a fit night for angels to draw near the earth, and suddenly a band of them appeared to the wondering shepherds. Probably they started in affright at this strange apparition, for soon the reassuring words were heard, "Fear not! for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." Then followed the announcement of the birth of the Saviour, the promised Messiah—and they were directed to go into the town, and find the truth of what was told them.

Perhaps this glorious news was first announced to these humble-minded men, because in their simple, pastoral lives, they had a more child-like faith than the more learned ones of the schools, the courts, and the markets, and would receive it unquestioningly.

Did they believe it fully—those mysterious words, so hard to comprehend? The Christ, the Saviour of the world, and yet a babe in a manger! How could such things agree together? What would they find on going? They would set out immediately and see. And when they arrived, what was shown unto them? The Lord of all the earth, the High and Mighty One, humbling Himself to come in such a guise. Then after making known what had been told them by the angels, they

returned to their duties, with rejoicing and praise on their lips, and in their hearts.

And that mother! What must she have felt as she pressed the precious babe to her bosom, and remembered all the prophecies and promises concerning him? What wonder and reverential awe must have mingled with the joy of motherhood, for she "pondered all these things in her heart." The shepherds' story confirmed and strengthened all that she had heard before, and quickly following upon their visit, came that of the wise men, led by the star, bringing gifts—the most appropriate ones they could offer, for each corresponded to some good, or truth—to lay at his feet in humble adoration; because they had been told he was to be a great ruler and king. O mystery of mysteries beyond our comprehension.

That the fulness of the God-head could dwell within that baby form! Only an unquestioning faith can believe it perfectly. Sometimes we cannot but find ourselves wondering what He thought and knew of it all, when a little child. How much of the wisdom, and power, he felt conscious of before He exercised them, and whether the human or divine predominated at an early age. It is

not within the capacity of the finite mind to understand it. God does not intend that we should understand, but just believe, through our faith. What wonder that there are some who cannot believe, among those who reason and argue, until they lose themselves in a sea of doubt?

Yet if we did not believe, where—or, as Peter said—"to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Yes, that is the proof. "Never man spake as this man did." None but God could have spoken such words, or done such deeds as His. Words that have brought comfort and strength, and salvation to needy hearts all over the world. Words that have strewn the way to a purer, better life here, and a more exalted, rational, and perfect state of happiness hereafter, than is found through any other religion, though there be so many spread over the earth, all having some good in them.

Oh! that we might all come, in perfect trust and faith, as did the Magi of old, bringing our hearts' richest offerings of frankincense and myrrh, and the pure gold of love, to lay at His feet in sincere and life-long worship.

LICHEN.

Evenings with the Poets.

MEMORY.

THIS little poem, from the pen of the late President, was written before his first term in Congress—hence some twenty years ago. At that time possibly the President of a Christian college was the "summit where the sunbeams fell," but the last lines are all but a prophecy.

'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down

Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow,
No light gleams at the window, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me,
And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes

And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicate pen portrayed,
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells?

It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
In Heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the distant light of dreamy years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days;
Upon its gentle, sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; and yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
As rest they did before the prison tomb
Receive their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,

Surcharged with sorrow, cast with sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.

Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimsoned hues; their shadows fall

Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing,
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart.
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
When earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,

And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, the life-path leads along.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

ONE STEP MORE.

What though before me all is dark—
Too dark for me to see?
I ask but light for one step more—
'Tis quite enough for me.

I would not see my further path,
For mercy veils it so;
My present steps might harder be,
Did I the future know.

THE CARELESS WORD.

A WORD is ringing through my brain—
It was not meant to give me pain;
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had passed away;
It had no meaning more than all
Which in an idle hour do fall;
It was, when first the sound I heard,
A lightly uttered careless word.

It was the first, the only one
Of those which lips for ever gone
Breathed in their love—which had for me
Rebuke of harshness at my glee;
And if those lips were here to say
"Beloved, let it pass away,"
Ah! then, perchance—but I have heard
The last dear tone—the careless word.

Oh, ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,
When earth hath but for ONE a home;
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else they heard,
Dwell weeping on a careless word.

MRS. NORTON.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

THE dews lay deep, the winds were still;
The night was cold and calm;
And lo! a light—a flash—a thrill—
A burst of seraph-psalm.
The shepherds bowed their heads in fear—
God and his angels were so near.

"Peace upon earth, good will to men,
Peace, peace, and God's good will!"
It rose—it died—it rose again—
It ceased, and all was still.
The frosty stars shone keen and clear,
"O, God," they whispered, "God is near."

And still upon the Saviour's birth,
Above the crash of bells,
O'er all the weary, sin-bound earth
The angel's anthem swells.
Our ears are dull, our hearts are sear.
We cannot feel that God is near.

O, brother, wouldst thou hear the strain?
Let go the lust of gold,
Let go the passions fierce and vain,
Let go the sins of old.
Thine eyes shall see, thine ears shall hear,
God and his angels hovering near.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Mothers' Department.

FIVE AND FOURTEEN.*

THERE are periods in the moral and intellectual development of a girl which cause the profoundest anxiety to a mother. At five years old, or thereabouts, the period of babyhood is past, while the period of girlhood is not yet reached, and, between the two, comes a time of anarchy and chaos. The little soul is now bursting its shackles and trying to readjust itself to new conditions. The child is ceasing to be a mere pet and plaything, and is beginning to live an individual life. Nothing is more common than to see a docile, well-trained child suddenly develop, without any apparent reason, a willfulness and insubordination entirely at variance with its previous habits. The mother, who has been dreaming of a sweet daughter who is to walk beside her all her days, making life fragrant and beautiful to her by sharing with her all her youthful hopes, and joys, and trusts, turns heart-sick at the naughtiness of the half-fledged termagant. For it is the good, cherubic little girl who usually manifests the change; a spoiled child is so thoroughly disagreeable all the while that any accession of badness is not noticeable. A great deal of self-condemnation and unhappy foreboding would be spared the mother if she would only recognize that much of what is so very unlovely is not essentially wrong—that it is merely what is good in a state of unripeness. The fragrant blossom has withered and fallen away, leaving in its place the hard and acid embryo

fruit. A wise mother will be very careful to distinguish between those qualities which promise evil in their developed form and those which are mere crudities, and her aim will be to foster all the unfolded possibilities in her child's nature, and help to bring them to a beautiful maturity.

Every one knows how tiresome and unattractive a little girl usually is when she has outgrown her infantile sweetness. The little impertinences, the saucy retorts and unflattering personalities which have won for her smiles and caresses, or, at worst, an admiring reproof, all at once become intolerable, and are rebuked with acerbity. The very ways which she has been taught to consider charming become subjects for displeasure when the baby roundness and dimples are gone. Her sense of justice is outraged, and the unwarped sense of justice in a child is often very strong. She becomes a little Ishmael, her hand against every man's, and every man's hand against her. In a certain sense this love can scarcely be avoided, but, if the mother's love be unflinching, and her sympathy always ready, she can keep sweet the fountain of love and trust which, without that refuge, might become very bitter. Just when this new life is unfolding, a mother's wise care is most earnestly needed. The soul which has seemed to draw its life from hers is beginning to lead an individual existence. It is to the perfect development of this individuality that the mother should bend all her strength. Each human soul contains within itself the germ of its own life. To make of it all that may be made, the mother should only guide the growth, leaving it free within the limits of moral probity to grow into its fullest possibility. She

* The Century (Scribner's) Magazine.

cannot lop it off here and there, or suppress its growth yonder, without maiming and stultifying the whole nature.

The dangerous quicksands of this period safely past, the mother begins to breathe freely again. She again begins to see visions, and to dream dreams, till the second and more serious season of anarchy comes to try her faith. Childhood is over, and womanhood is yet far away. The whole being, moral, intellectual, and physical, is in a state of ferment. New motives, new principles, new emotions, are battling for predominance, and, until these relative claims are adjusted, no peace can be hoped for.

This second chaotic period—which comes at about fourteen years of age—lasts longer, and brings a more hopeless and radical overturning of that which had seemed so firmly established.

If a mother's care were needed in the earlier change, it is infinitely more needed now. New traits seem to be starting into life, new developments are manifested. Changes not only in purposes and ideas are taking place, but changes in temperament, in disposition, in tone, are manifesting themselves. There is need of a wise head which shall guide without galling, a tender heart which shall sustain without compromising with evil. To aid in the conflict, and insure victory, nothing will help a mother more surely, nor direct her more easily in this difficult task, than the recognition that this, also, is merely a stage of growth necessary to a full and perfect development of her child's nature, and that to her is intrusted the privilege of fostering the growth, while she shall be looking to the end with the prophetic eye of love.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH ROBBY.

"I NEVER saw him act so before," said Mrs. Goodwin, wondering, and not a little mortified, at the behavior of Robby, as she presented him to her dear old Uncle Morgan, whom she had loved from childhood, and to whom she had been a pet and plaything when no bigger than Robby, years and years ago.

To think that Robby should hold back from Uncle Morgan, and behave in such a shy, strange manner! What had got into the boy?

Uncle Morgan drew Robby to his side, and lifted him on his knee opposite to Eddy, but the boy hung down his head, looking so shy and shamefaced that his mother, who had for days thought of this moment with pride and pleasure, was annoyed and disappointed. What could it mean? It was so unlike the frank, manly boy. And to act so with Uncle Morgan—the one of all others in whose eyes she wished Robby to appear to the best advantage.

Uncle Morgan knew all about it, and so did Robby, for they had met before.

Indeed! Where and when could that have happened? I will tell you all about it.

When Uncle Morgan, who had ridden a long distance to visit his niece, came up from the railroad station, he saw a pretty cottage surrounded with fine shrubbery, and almost covered with vines.

"Who lives there?" he asked of a man whom he met.

"Mr. Goodwin," answered the man.

"I thought so," said Uncle Morgan to himself. "It looks like Katy, so neat and trim and beautiful."

As he came near the cottage he heard a hen give a sudden cry of alarm, and then *cluck, cluck*, to her brood of chicks. The cry was repeated several times, and there was the noise of some one striking her. Her chicks were in trouble also, for he heard their little voices crying *peep, peep, peep*, in a dozen different places. He could not see what was going on, for a fence hid the chickens from his view.

Uncle Morgan was one of the kindest-hearted men alive. He would not hurt a fly. So he put his foot on a rail, and climbed up until he could look over the fence and see what was going on. And what do you think he saw? Why, a little boy with a long switch in his hand slashing away at the hen and her downy chickens, and laughing at their pain and fright.

"Stop that, you young rascal!" cried Uncle Morgan.

The child glanced up, and on seeing a strange, stern face looking down upon him, dropped his stick and fled into the house.

Do you wonder now that he behaved as he did when his mother presented him to her dear old Uncle Morgan?

But Robby was not a cruel, only a thoughtless little boy sometimes. It was such fun to make the old hen spread her wings and dance about, and to see the chicks scamper off on their slender legs. He never thought of its hurting or scaring them.

Uncle Morgan soon understood all this, and he and Robby became the best of friends, and when his visit was over, the dear little boy, into whose tender mind he had infused something of his own gentleness and kindness toward the weakest and humblest things God has made, parted with him in tears.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE QUEEN'S GLOVE.

IT is said that Shakspeare on one occasion acted the part of a king in presence of Queen Elizabeth, and so absorbed was he in the performance of the piece that he seemed absent to all that was going on around him. To put him to the test, the queen dropped one of her gloves as the "king" passed before her. Shakspeare at once paused, and with the words, "Although bent on this high embassy, yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove," presented it to his sovereign, and then passed on, thus cleverly contriving to save the character of the part while discharging the duties of a courteous subject.



"DOING EXAMPLES."

"**M**ULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The rule of three perplexes me,
And fractions drive me mad."

Was Mother Goose a girl like me?
And did she go to school,
And always get examples wrong,
And never know the rule?

I'd rather scribble on my slate,
Or else play tit-tat-toe,
Than cipher, cipher, all day long
And fail besides, I know.

Who ever made examples up?
They don't do any good!

I've listened when they were explained,
But never understood!

I'll draw a cat—a house—a horse,—
I may as well have fun,
For if I sit from now till night,
I'll never get them done!

But what would mamma think of that,
And what would teacher say?
"How can you waste your precious time?
School's not the place for play."

Suppose I try, real hard, this once,—
Why, this one's right! so's this!
Three more—and then a perfect mark,
And mamma's own sweet kiss! FANNIE.

WORD-PUZZLES.

MANY of our young readers, no doubt, have seen the following physiological puzzle, or something similar:

"I have a trunk, with two lids and many locks. It contains two caps, some instruments of warfare, a passage across a stream, what decides an affirmative or a negative in an assembly, part of a river, a chief, several varieties of fruit, and several animals. Also, four measures of length, a large box, trees, parts of trees, some flowers, a rainbow, parts of whips, something used by a painter, and several musical instruments."

This verbal curiosity may be explained, as follows;

The trunk is the human trunk, or body.

Lids, are the eyelids.

Locks, locks of hair.

Caps, knee-caps.

Instruments of warfare, arms or elbows.

A passage across a stream, bridge (of the nose).

What decides the affirmative or negative in an assembly, ayes and noes (eyes and nose).

Part of a river, mouth.

A chief, head.

Several varieties of fruit, ears, hips, apples (of the eyes) and pears (pairs) of various organs.

Several animals, hair (hare), soles, calves, and muscles (mussels).

Four measures of length, feet, hands, nails, and poll (pole).

A large box, chest.

Trees, palms.

Parts of trees, limbs, roots (of teeth), branches (of arteries, etc.).

Some flowers, tulips (two lips), iris.

A rainbow, iris (of the eye).

Parts of whips, lashes (eyelashes).

Something used by a painter, palette (palate).

Several musical instruments, bones, drum (of the ear), organs.

The following was recently placed upon the blackboard at a Teachers' Institute in New England. A prize of a Webster's Dictionary was offered to any one who could read it, pronouncing all the words correctly. But no one was able to do so. It might form a profitable exercise for some of our young folks to look out all the pronunciations, during the long winter evenings.

"A sacreligious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a callopie and coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and, securing a suite of rooms at a prin-

cipal hotel, he engaged the head-waiter as his coadjutor. He then despatched a letter of the most unexceptionable calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificeable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife saying that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The debris were removed by the coroner."

Very familiar to most of us are curious epigrams, riddles, charades and acrostic poems. How many of us in younger days have tried hard to wrestle with the almost invincible alliteration of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," or, "If a twister would twist me a twist!"

One of the least known forms of word-puzzles is, perhaps, making a plain assertion in one's own language, which is invariably mistaken for some other. There are said to be some such sentences in the Dutch language that a Dutchman cannot understand—and this is the case with other foreign tongues. The best example of the kind in English is, probably,

"In fir tar is; in oak none is; in mud eels are; in clay none are."

Read aloud in the hearing of those unfamiliar with it, this will almost certainly be taken for any thing else in the world than English.

The following paradoxical sentence is literally and grammatically correct:

"If Moses was the son of Pharoah's daughter, he was the daughter of Pharoah's son."

Not one person in a hundred can see the truth in this statement until the grammatical connections are pointed out.

Parse the second word *son* in the nominative case, in apposition with *he*, which is subject of the verb *was*. Parse the last *Pharoah* in the objective case, object of the relation denoted by the preposition *of*. And parse the phrase *daughter of Pharoah* as a compound noun, in the possessive case governed by the following noun *son*. Then it will be seen that the sentence as given is no more absurd than if it were written: "If Moses was the son of Mrs. Smith, he was Mrs. Smith's son."

The subject of word-puzzles is a most interesting one, and may be pursued indefinitely. It will prove, too, of profit, as extending a knowledge of punctuation, spelling, grammar and language, as well as leading to many valuable inquiries connected with history, places, manners, customs and the like. So, it may be said to have certain just claims upon the attention of school-children in thier time of relaxation.

Health Department.

CLOTHING IN WINTER.

THERE is a little book published by Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia, entitled "Winter and its Dangers," which should be in every family. The author is Dr. Hamilton Osgood, of Boston. We make a single extract on the subject of dress in winter. Many lives would be saved, and

much suffering and discomfort prevented, if heed were given to the Doctor's hints and suggestions:

"Recently," he says, "a patient of mine was losing her strength most mysteriously. I found she did not wear thick, warm drawers, but merely a garment of cotton or linen. Insisting upon the use of warmer clothing, I had the pleasure of seeing her strength revive."

"In another case the lady suffered from terrible headaches, and from neuralgia in various portions of the body. She did wear underclothing of merino, but of such thin material that it was easy to account for her neuralgia. I ordered full suits of the heaviest 'Cartwright & Warner' underwear. The overtasked system was relieved, and the pains and aches disappeared.

"A third lady for years has been the victim of severe attacks of bronchitis during the months from November to May. The slightest change in the weather gave her a sore throat. In her case I recommended a light suit of merino next the skin, over this a second of heavy, scarlet, all-wool merino, both suits being made in one piece, so that there were only two instead of four thicknesses at the waist. Wearing this protection, the lady has not had a cough once during the past winter. She was formerly one of the bitterest enemies to woollen underwear. It irritated the skin. It kept her in a constant fever. It ruined the fit of her dresses, &c. I had the greatest difficulty in overcoming her prejudice to what she finally looked upon as her chief protection.

"This hatred of woollen undergarments, on the part of women, is as common as it is inexplicable. It causes the loss of many treasured lives. 'It is not enough,' said Hippocrates, 'that the physician advises; he must be seconded by his patient.' 'Many colds and their sequels,' says another, 'are due to too great security on the part of the patient and indifference of the physician.' The physician must watch and advise, the patient should heed and obey.

"When I speak of 'whole suits,' I refer to those which have long sleeves, high necks, and which reach the ankle. The irritating effect of wool upon the skin soon becomes unnoticed, and in itself is a means of keeping the surface of the body in a glow of warmth. The wool-fibre is warmer than any other material, because of its bad conducting power, and because it is less easily penetrated by cold water. A person even while perspiring may go into the open air with considerable security, if only clad in flannel.

"Cotton and linen are permissible in winter only when worn over woollen. Next the body they actually invite chilliness by the rapidity with which they allow the heat of the body to escape. Let me again impress the fact that loss of bodily warmth is an actual loss of sustenance. The English term, 'starved with cold,' is as true as it seems peculiar. If we expend power in a wasteful manufacture of heat, we lose in muscular strength, in bodily weight, in mental balance and capacity.

"The assertion of some individuals who do not wear it, that flannel is therefore needless, is a poor argument; the question being, Will not the greater number be beneficially protected thereby? The uncertain nature of our climate should make the matter clear.

"Winter clothing, too, should be equably warm; that is, it should protect all parts equally. The habit of piling clothing upon the upper portions of the body, while the limbs and feet are neglected, is both injurious and dangerous. Such a mode of dress deprives the limbs of necessary blood, and consequently warmth, while the upper portions are supplied by too much blood, and become over-sensitive. Besides, if a person is at-

tempting to protect the lungs, he will succeed better by wearing heavy drawers, stockings, and boots, than by neglecting the feet and overloading the chest. When the lungs are sensitive, sufficient protection may be found in an extra layer of flannel in front and behind. One piece will answer; a hole being cut for the head, and a half-moon being taken out where the flannel lies upon the shoulders. I think the chest-protectors sold by the apothecaries too heavy. Other and excellent means of defending the chest I will mention in the chapter on Errors in Bathing.

"Much and serious harm is caused by the unwise practice of wearing summer clothing late into the autumn, and of assuming light outer garments and underwear so soon in spring as a warm day appears. The health in many cases is undermined by neglecting dress of proper warmth in early autumn. It is an error to suppose if thick clothing be worn in early November, that it must be much warmer in January. What will keep us comfortably warm in the damp chilliness of November, will answer perfectly well in the dry, clear cold of winter. During early spring and late fall months, the very moist air is a good conductor of heat, and in such weather the body loses warmth very rapidly, and becomes chilled if not sufficiently clad. I cannot too strongly impress the fact that many lung diseases are contracted during these uncertain seasons by improper dress. The winter underclothing should be put on early and worn late. If a day be very warm, the change must be made in the outside garments. A lady should carry an extra shawl, a gentleman should by no means leave his overcoat at home. If the temperature suddenly fall, both then have clothing wherewith to meet the change. Europeans dress more warmly than we, and have less catarrh, especially the Dutch, one of whose great physicians once said: 'Flannel should not be put off until midsummer's day, and should be put on—the day after.'

"The fact is, as a people, we are impatient with a momentary discomfort in dress, and prefer the exposure of hours of chill to thirty minutes of a little too much warmth. Only physicians realize how vast is the harm which is brought about by our carelessness in meeting the changes of temperature in our fickle climate. Moreover the mucous membrane of the breathing apparatus—the nose, throat, and bronchial tubes—quickly forms the habit of taking on a catarrhal condition upon slight causes. One cold leaves effects which dispose the parts affected to repeat the condition. One catarrh leads to another until, perhaps, a chronic catarrh has become established. If fixed at first in the nose and upper portion of the throat, it frequently spreads over the mucous membrane, just as moisture which has wet one side of a porous cloth may spread across the whole piece. In this case we should speak of 'capillary attraction'; in the mucous membrane the process of extension seems similar, but is really an advance from cell to cell, cells being the elements of which the mucous membrane is chiefly composed. A catarrh of long standing changes the condition of the cells to such a degree that even the mucus which is poured out by the membrane becomes vicious in its nature and almost poisonous in its effects. The wet cloth can be dried by the fire, but the affected mucous membrane often resists every form of treatment, and, as we all know, when the catarrh has gone

down the windpipe and reached the lungs, it is a most insidious enemy.

"Does it not, therefore, seem almost superfluous to say that our positive duty is to defend ourselves against the danger of taking cold by sensible use of warm clothing? Of course, a chill does not always involve the lungs, or indeed any portion of the system, if we but possess the vigor to throw off and get rid of its effects; but still this can be done only at the expense of the whole system.

"A cold will sometimes avoid the throat and lungs, and seize upon some other organ, viz., upon the weak point in the organization. If an engine have a weak spot, a careful engineer will not ask of his machine more execution than can be borne by the lame portion. If he did, he would be untrustworthy. In the care of our bodies, if we know we have a sensitive organ, we should not consider any part stronger than the weakest. If we do, the strain will come upon the weak part, and convert it into a door by which disease may enter the system. A person may say, 'My lungs are perfectly strong. I never have colds. I am not going to bury myself under clothing!' But this person has a weak heart, weak kidneys, or weak bowels—is liable to rheumatism or neuralgia. If then he ask his system to bear too much cold, he is surprised by an attack in the weak locality or organ, and is at a loss as to its cause, for in other respects his life may have been wise and careful. In such cases, the cost is paid by the sensitive organ. Every individual, therefore, should study his needs as to clothing. No precise system of winter dress can be established. Within certain limits, each of us may be a law unto himself, but must see to it that the law is wise. It should invariably include the wearing of wool next the skin. But as to the remainder of the dress, requisite

modification may be made in the outer, or, as the English call them, the 'upper garments.'

"The practice of swathing the throat and lower portion of the face in cold weather is an error. Once begin this practice, and it must be continued, thus depriving the lungs and blood of much of the oxygen which is their food and life. There is no danger in exposing the face and throat, if the dress be equably warm as high as it is usually worn. Button the outer garment high up across the chest, and, unless it be found necessary to protect the ears, the parts above may be left to themselves. But there is an exception to this advice. After speaking or singing for a length of time on a winter's night, it is not safe to encounter and inhale a cold air, without first warming it. This may be done, not by wrapping a heavy scarf, or by buttoning a fur collar about the throat and mouth, but by folding a large handkerchief, tying the long ends together behind the neck, so that the broad portion may hang loosely in front of the chin. By resting the latter upon the chest, the breath is directed against the handkerchief, and warms the air to be inhaled at the next inspiration. This arrangement accomplishes the desired result, namely, the prevention of the entrance of very cold air into a throat flushed and heated by vocal exercise. The mouth should be kept absolutely shut. Breathing must be performed by the nose, in which there are several warm, curved plates, which likewise assist in raising the temperature of the air as it passes through the nostrils. Talking in the open air, after using the voice for a whole evening in a hot room, should be stringently forbidden. The exposure of a heated throat to freezing air is the cause of much serious harm. I have known dangerous attacks of throat and bronchial affections to follow such an event."

Housekeepers' Department.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

GLAZING FOR TARTS.—Mix sifted sugar and water into a thick paste like cream, and brush it over the crust.

RICE BISCUITS.—Sift seven ounces of sugar, then add to it half a pound of the best ground rice, seven ounces of butter, seven ounces of flour, and mix it into a paste, with eggs—two are sufficient for this quantity.

PLAIN LEMON PUDDING.—Quarter of a pound of suet, half a pound of bread crumbs, four ounces of sugar, the juice of two lemons—the rind of them grated—and one egg. To be well boiled and served with pudding sauce.

FRICASSEE OF PARSNIPS.—Boil in milk till they are soft; then cut them lengthwise into bits two or three inches long, and simmer in a white sauce, made of two spoonfuls of broth, a bit of mace, half a cupful of cream, a bit of butter, and some flour, pepper, and salt.

SAGO MILK.—Put an ounce of sago in a pint of cold water, let it remain for an hour, then pour off the water and add a pint and a half of new milk. Boil slowly, until the sago becomes incor-

porated with the milk, then sweeten with sugar, and add a little nutmeg, cinnamon, or ginger, and white wine, if not objectionable.

SPICED BEEF.—Chop tough beefsteak—raw—and a piece of suet the size of an egg, season with pepper, salt and a little summer savory; add two eggs, half a pint of bread-crumbs, four or five table-spoonfuls of cream, a small piece of butter; mix and make in a roll with flour sufficient to keep together, put in a pan with a little dripping and water, and bake as a roast. Slice thin when cold.

AN APPLE EGG PUDDING.—Beat an egg well, then add a gill of water or milk, seven table-spoonfuls of flour, and a salt-spoonful of salt; mix well together. Pare and cut into pieces three middle-sized French apples, stir them into the batter. Boil it in a cloth an hour and a quarter; if in a basin, ten minutes longer. Eat with melted butter flavored with lemon.

APPLE PUDDING, OR CHEESECAKE.—Four ounces of grated apple, four ounces of loaf sugar, three ounces of butter melted, five eggs, leaving out two whites; mix them together, then add the rind and juice of a lemon—the rind to be rubbed

on the sugar; bake it in a quick oven; to be eaten hot as a pudding, or cold as a cheesecake.

A PEARL-BARLEY PUDDING.—Put a quarter of a pound of pearl-barley into three pints of water, and boil it two hours; add half a teaspoonful of salt, pour it into a pie-dish. Pare and cut two large French apples the same as for an apple pudding, mix them with the barley and three teaspoonfuls of sugar. Bake an hour in a hot oven; eat sugar and cream on it.

HINTS FOR EVERY DAY NEEDS.

IT is not well to have a wet umbrella opened out to dry, as the stretchers are apt to warp in the bent form, so giving an unsightly appearance when the umbrella is closed. The silk should be left to drain, and then gently wiped with an old silk handkerchief.

Sal-volatile or hartshorn will generally restore colors taken out by acids.

China, when very dirty, can be cleaned with finely powdered fuller's earth dissolved in warm water, and rinsed well in cold water.

BEST CURE FOR CORNS.—Have your boots or shoes to fit your feet, instead of making your feet fit the boots or shoes.

TO CURE WARTS.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. This repeated will gradually destroy the largest wart.

Do not let coffee and tea be kept near each other, unless closely covered in tin canisters, as they are easily impregnated, and the flavor of each injured.

Stains of iron on marble may be removed by wetting the spots with oil of vitriol, lemon juice, or oxalic acid diluted in spirits of wine. Leave spot for a quarter of an hour, then rub dry with a soft linen cloth.

Fancy Needlework.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVING.

NOS. 1 AND 7.—BORDER: CROSS AND ITALIAN STITCH.—These borders are suitable to be worked round doilies, serviettes, table covers, &c., in ingrain cotton, crewel, or Berlin wool. No. 1 is in cross and Italian stitches, and No. 7 entirely in cross-stitch.

NOS. 2 AND 10.—CHILD'S KNITTED PETTICOAT.—Materials required: 6 oz. grey and 1 oz. scarlet Berlin wool, two knitting needles, No. 10, and two No. 14.

Cast on 200 stitches with scarlet wool, and commence the border shown in Illustration No. 10.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl with grey wool.

3d Row: Knit.

4th Row: Knit one, make one, knit two, knit three together, knit two, make one. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

The 5th, 7th and 9th Rows are purled; the 6th, 8th and 10th Rows are like the fourth row; after the tenth row, repeat from the first row three times more.

The skirt of the petticoat is worked in ribbed knitting of purl three and knit three alternately. The stitches that are purled in one row must be knitted in the next to keep the ribs. When you have worked about half the length of the petticoat, take the needles No. 14, and knit for the length required. The change of pins will make the petticoat narrower at the top; cast off the stitches, sew the two sides together until within three inches of the top, then sew to a linen band in which must be worked buttonholes, in order to button the petticoat to the stays.

No. 3.—BORDER: DRAWN THREADS.—The border is suitable to be worked on the ends of tidies of congress canvas. The stitches are worked with embroidery silk or wool.

NOS. 4 AND 8.—DRESS: TRICOT AND CROCHET FOR CHILD FROM TWO TO THREE YEARS OF AGE.

—Materials required: 8 oz. grey Berlin wool, and 1 oz. blue, a bone crochet hook No. 10, and four pearl buttons.

No difficulty will be found in working this pretty little dress, if ladies have a paper pattern of a small low princess dress the exact size required, to place the work upon it from time to time, to see when increase and decrease are necessary.

The dress is worked in ordinary tricot, commencing at the bottom above the border. The dress is worked in five parts, four for the back and one for the front; the different pieces are joined together with a needle and wool when finished. To increase a stitch in tricot, work up a loop through the front and one through the back perpendicular loop of a stitch; to decrease a stitch, work up a loop through two perpendicular loops of previous row together. To make the buttonholes, four of which are needed, turn the wool twice over the hook, and pass over two stitches when within three stitches of the end of the row in which the hole is to be made. In working off the loops, draw through each loop made, by turning the wool over the hook; so as to form two new stitches.

Then all the parts are worked and joined together. The border shown in Illustration No. 8 is worked separately, and is afterwards joined to the bottom of the dress. Make a chain of twelve stitches; work up and off in ordinary tricot three times.

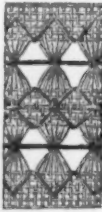
For the fancy stitch: Put the wool over the hook, draw the wool in front of the work, keeping it down with the left hand; insert the hook under the two perpendicular loops, and draw through with one single; repeat. In coming back draw through every loop; repeat from first row of fancy stitch once more, and in taking up the loops cross them by taking the left loop of one cluster and the right one of the next. The stripes of plain and fancy tricot are repeated until you have worked the length required to go round the bottom of the petticoat.



NO. 1.—BORDER:
CROSS AND
ITALIAN STITCH.



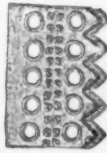
NO. 2.—CHILD'S KNITTED
PETTICOAT.



NO. 3.—BORDER:
ORANGE THREADS.



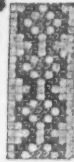
NO. 4.—DRESS: SHAWL FOR CHILD
FROM TWO TO THREE YEARS OF AGE.



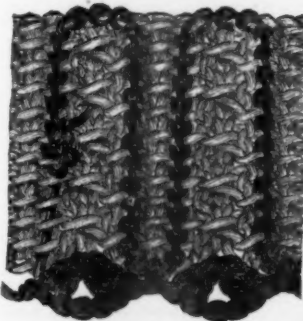
NO. 5.—EDGING:
EMBROIDERY.



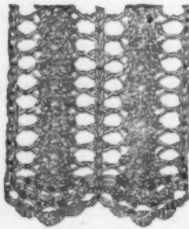
NO. 6.—GENTLEMAN'S DRESS-
BOOT: SHAWL.



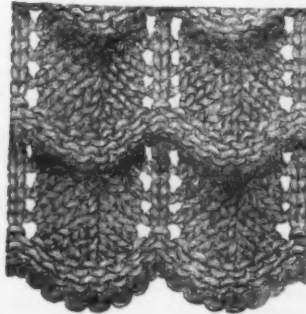
NO. 7.—BORDER:
CROSS STITCH.



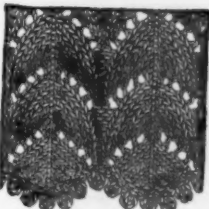
NO. 8.—BORDER FOR NO. 4.



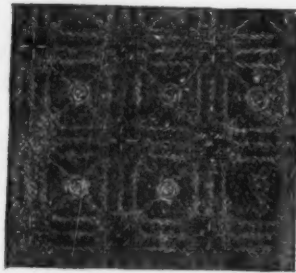
NO. 9.—TRIMMING:
KNITTING AND CROCHET.



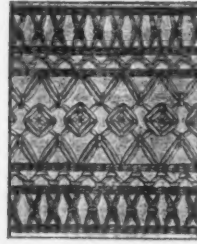
NO. 10.—BORDER FOR NO. 2.



NO. 11.—WAVE PATTERN
KNITTING, WITH CROCHET ADDED.



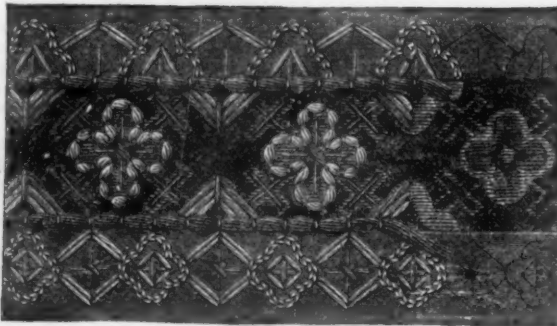
NO. 12.—DETAIL OF NO. 10.



NO. 13.—BORDER: EMBROIDERY.



NO. 14.—BAGGY.



NO. 15.—BORDER: EMBROIDERY.



NO. 16.—BAGGY.

FANCY NEEDLEWORK.—SEE DESCRIPTION.

The waved pattern is worked with blue wool in tambour-stitch, as follows; Insert the hook under the perpendicular loops of the plain tricot (see design No. 8), work off the loops in chain-stitch, three chain at the edge of the work. Repeat in the next row of plain tricot loops at the other side of the fancy stripe.

For the edge: With blue wool work two trebles into the edge of fancy stripe (see design), two chain, two trebles into the same place, one double into edge of plain stripe (see design). Repeat from the beginning of the row.

The crochet edge is worked up the opening at the back of dress, round the neck and armholes. Before working the edge round the armholes work a row of double stitches to form a slight sleeve. The dress is fastened up the back with four pearl buttons.

No. 5.—EDGING: EMBROIDERY.—The edging is worked in buttonhole, satin and knot stitches on embroidery muslin with cotton.

No. 6.—GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-BOOT TRICOT.—Materials required: 6 ounces maroon Berlin wool and a bone hook.

This boot will be found to be an acceptable present to gentlemen for the cold winter weather; it is worked in tricot in two parts.

Commence at the top of the leg, and work up and off in ordinary tricot; no difficulty will be found in shaping the boot if the work be placed upon the pattern from time to time; the increase is always worked on one side; it is made in the working-up row by working one chain and drawing up a loop through the first perpendicular loop of last row. Both sides are worked alike, and are joined down the back and up the front, leaving unsewn about two inches for the revers at the top. A crochet trimming is worked round the edge as follows:—

1st Row: One double into a stitch of edge, * three chain, one double into the next stitch. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

2d Row: One double into centre of three chain of last row, * four chain, one treble into top of double, one double into centre of next three chain. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

The boot may either be sewn to a firm cork sole or sent to a bootmaker's to be soled with leather. Two tabs are sewn to the top at each side to draw the boot on with. We consider the cork sole better suited to the strength and durability of the tricot.

No. 7.—SEE No. 1.

No. 8.—SEE No. 4.

No. 9.—TRIMMING; KNITTING AND CROCHET.—Cast on any number of stitches divisible by six.

1st. Row: Knit one, make one by turning the wool over the pin, knit one, knit three together, knit one, make one. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

For the 2d and each alternate row the single stitch between the two made stitches is purled, and the rest are knitted. These two rows are repeated until you have made the depth required.

For the crochet edge: Work one double into the first stitch of the wide stripe of the knitting, * four chain, one double into the first, one double into next stitch. Repeat from * three times more, two chain, one double into narrow stripe of knitting, two chain. Repeat.

2d Row: One double into the first picot of last row, four chain, one treble into the top of last

double, one double into next picot, five chain, one treble into the top of last double, one double into the next picot, four chain, one double into the top of last double, one double into the next picot, three chain, one double into the next double of last row, three chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

No. 10.—SEE No. 2.

No. 11.—WAVE-PATTERN KNITTING, WITH CROCHET EDGE.—This pattern is suitable to be used as a border for counterpanes, shawls, petticoats, &c.

Cast on any number of stitches divisible by twelve.

1st Row: Purl two, make one, knit three, knit two together at the back, knit two together, knit three, make one. Repeat from the beginning of the row; finish the row with purl two.

In the 2d and each alternate Rows: Knit the purled and purl the knitted and made stitches of the previous row.

3rd Row: Purl two, knit one, make one, knit two, knit two together at the back, knit two together, knit two, make one, knit one. Repeat from the beginning of the row; finish with purl two.

4th Row: Like second row.

5th Row: Purl two, knit two, make one, knit one, knit two together at the back, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two. Repeat from the beginning of the row; finish with purl two.

6th Row: Like second row.

7th Row: Purl two, knit three, make one, knit two together at the back, knit two together, make one, knit three. Repeat from beginning of row; finish with purl two.

8th Row: Like second row. Repeat from the first row.

For the crochet edge: Work one double into the first stitch in the depth of scallop, four chain, one double into the first, one double into next stitch, * four chain, one double into the first, pass over one stitch, one double into the next. Repeat from * four times more, then repeat from the beginning of the row.

Nos. 12 AND 16.—SACHET.—The sachet is of ruby plush, lined with pale pink satin; the outside is ornamented about half-way up with cream-colored congress canvas from which the threads have been drawn. The design for drawing and working over the threads is shown in No. 12. The spider-web stitches and the working over are in pale blue silk; and the cross and long stitches in olive and pink silk. The edges are finished by a cord and the bottom with tassel-fringe. The work is about seven and a half inches in width and about eight inches in depth.

No. 13. BORDER: EMBROIDERY.—This border is suitable to be worked on table-covers, Roman aprons, &c., with crewels or Andalusian wool of two colors, in long and chain stitches.

No. 14.—SACHET.—The sachet is of blue satin, embroidered in cross-stitch with gold-colored fillo-selle. Canvas, of which a specially soft kind is prepared for the purpose, must be placed on the satin, in order to keep the stitches even; the threads may be drawn away when the work is finished. The sachet is lined with cream satin, and edged with gold and blue cord; the bows and loops are of blue satin ribbon.

No. 15.—**BORDER: EMBROIDERY.**—The border is of dark olive furniture satin, with an appliqué stripe of stamped velvet; the pattern is worked in chain and long stitches with crewels; the straight

line at the edge of the velvet stripe is in filosele, caught down at regular intervals with single-stitches of silk.

No. 16.—See No. 12.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

WINTER fashions promise to be gorgeous. Fashion writers predict a dazzling array of rich furs, velvets, plushes, moires, brocades, and the like, with trimmings of sumptuous elegance. One of the latest extravagances is plush flounces, which come with a pile as long as fringe, and are as handsome as fur. Another is flounces of broche velvet on satin grounds—and flounces of alternate satin and plush stripes. Still another, wraps made in the "Mother Hubbard" or shirred style from India or Paisley shawls. In these garments, the central pattern figure is included in the shirrings just below the shoulders, while the short, wide sleeves are made from the ends of the shawls. However, in some cases, these extravagances may be only seeming ones. By a judicious use of some of the new and elegant trimmings, a lady may be able to utilize a half-worn, old-style, handsome dress, which otherwise would do her little service. Or she might renovate a costly shawl partly worn, soiled, or otherwise rendered unfit for use in its original form.

Speaking of old materials revived,—old-time moire antique, or watered silk, is again worn by middle-aged and elderly ladies. Still, Dame Fashion never again uses anything in exactly the same way, so we find this beautiful fabric largely worn in combination with plainer materials. Young ladies wear stripes, panels, collars, cuffs, revers, pockets, etc., of moire, trimming plain black cashmere costumes.

Little girls wear the pretty "Mother Hubbard" cloaks, which have been so popular for the past year. Some of these have a contrasting lining of bright silk or satin, showing above the shirrings about the neck, and around the edges. With these are worn the quaint, big poke bonnets,—

"grannie" bonnets they are now called—which have lately made our little tots look like pictures. "Mother Hubbard" dresses are a little different in the new patterns, in that the fulness below the yoke is gathered into a shirred plastron in front, and two clusters at the waist in the back. Another pretty dress model is a little hunting jacket and short skirt with a kilt around the bottom. Other coats have deep collars, almost capes. Flowing aprons are also worn, resembling the familiar yoked French dress.

Flannel dresses, dresses of ordinary woollen materials for young ladies, are made with short round skirts, finished with three straight pleated flounces and sash drapery. New ulsters have a short skirt added around the waist, giving the effect of a basque and skirt. Young ladies wear small cloth jackets, ulsterettes, and Havelock wraps, with bright linings and jaunty hoods. Black dresses, for all occasions, are always fashionable.

Any style of hat or bonnet is the mode, provided it is becoming to the wearer. New bonnets are of plush. For young ladies and school-girls, turbans, Derbys and broad-brimmed round hats are popular. For younger children, a novelty is the polo cap, crocheted of dark red, navy blue, and bottle-green zephyr.

Young ladies and girls may wear nets of silk the same shade as their hair, in which is woven gold or silver threads or gold beads.

Mousquetaire, or long gloves, wrinkled at the wrists, are still worn by those who affect extreme fashion. Furs, heavy embroideries, and rich bead passamenteries are the new trimmings. Three plaited fraises, called Raleigh ruffs, are among the novelties for neck-wear. Ombre, or shaded effects, are going out. Nebuleux gray, Acajou, or Mahogany red and iron rust red, are the newest colors.

Notes and Comments.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR NEXT YEAR.

WITH this number we close the FORTY-NINTH volume of the HOME MAGAZINE, and, leaving it with our readers, turn thought and purpose to the coming volume, which will open with a January number which we think will be found unequalled in attractions by any previous issue. Our arrangements for adding to the interest and excellence of the HOME MAGAZINE are more complete, and our artistic and literary resources wider and more varied, than they have ever been.

Increasing social culture, improvements in taste, and, what is more essential, the steady advancement towards a purer and nobler humanity based on genuine Christian principles, are making new demands and laying new responsibilities upon those who write and those who publish. A magazine that is not in harmony with the spirit of the age—that does not comprehend its needs, nor keep step with its advancements—can have no permanent hold upon the people. It may flourish for a time, but must sooner or later die for want of adequate support. It is because the editors and publishers of this magazine have not only sought to

keep step with the advancing spirit of the age, and to be in harmony with its progress, but to do all in their power to promote the social well-being and moral and intellectual culture of its readers, that it has for over thirty years held so warm a place in the affections of the people.

While doing this, we have always endeavored to make the HOME MAGAZINE a pleasant and cheerful magazine; a visitor in the home circle with a smiling face even while it gave counsel or reproof. The Christianity it teaches is neither sour, narrow, bigoted nor sectarian. It does not call innocent amusements sinful, nor the orderly enjoyment of any of the natural good things of this life evil; but it condemns the violation of either natural, spiritual or divine laws, by which injury is wrought in body or mind. It condemns excesses of all kinds that injure the health, and the indulgence of all selfish, impure and impious thoughts and purposes that hurt the soul. Its aim is to help men and women in all their social relations and in all the degrees of their lives, and so to make them better and happier.

This is the mission of the HOME MAGAZINE, and it would be unworthy of the name it has assumed if it sought to do a lower and a meaner work. But the ways by which it endeavors to accomplish its mission are its own. It seeks to win the attention, delight the imagination, warm the heart and quicken the thoughts of its readers by the grace, charm and intrinsic interest of its pages, and by means of story, poem and a wide and varied range of literary attractions, to lift them above what is narrow and selfish, into a region of purer thought and feeling. It aims to draw people into a common brotherhood and to enlarge their sympathies and make them generous and helpful in all the public and private relations; not to teach a gospel of selfishness.

Such it has been, and such it will continue to be.

As such we offer it to all who desire to receive into their homes a safe and pure magazine.

"A Small Star in The East."

UNDER this title, Charles Dickens told in 1868, the story of a visit to the East London Hospital for Children, established in Shadwell, a district where child-life is stripped of almost all of its joyousness, and darkened by the shadows of disease, dirt, vice, starvation and misery. Writing of the hospital as at first established in an old sail-loft, Mr. Dickens said: "But I found it airy, sweet, and clean. In its seven-and-thirty beds I saw but little beauty, for starvation in the second or third generation takes a pinched look; but I saw the sufferings both of infancy and childhood tenderly assuaged, I heard the little patients answering to pet playful names, the light touch of a delicate lady laid bare the wasted sticks of arms for me to pity, and the claw-like little hands, as she did so, twined themselves lovingly around her wedding ring." The gifted writer

adds, "Insufficient food and unwholesome living are the main causes of disease among these small patients. So, nourishment, cleanliness, and ventilation are the main remedies. Discharged patients are invited to come and dine now and then; so are certain famishing creatures who never were patients."

This "Small Star in the East," as Dickens called it, still shines in that benighted district of London. During the past year, between four and five hundred child-patients have been received into the hospital, while six thousand women and children have been treated as out-patients.

Christmas Hymn.

RING out, ye bells of Christmas, a joyous, joyous chime;

Wake all earth's sleeping nations to hail the blessed time:

Let hills and vales re-echo the angel's song again,

Ring out the glorious tidings, "Peace and goodwill to men!"

Call mourners in their sorrow; call age bowed down with care;

Call childhood, happy childhood; call toilers everywhere;

Call erring wanderers homeward to Him who died for them;

Bid all come to the manger of Christ of Bethlehem.

Ring out, ye bells of Christmas! we too, our offerings bring,

We, like Judea's shepherds, may hear the angel sing:

Along the lengthening ages the chorus sweet is rolled,—

We lay beside his cradle, our frankincense and gold.

O great, glad world, rejoicing in such a love sublime,

Speed on thy mighty journey adown the path of Time!

Ring out, ye bells of Christmas, till hills resound again,

Peal out the glorious tidings, "Peace and goodwill to men!"

RUTH REVERE.

The Jewish People.

The existence of the Jews as a distinct people for nearly two thousand years after they had ceased to be a state, or nation, holding political relations with other states and nations, is one of the remarkable facts of history. It is estimated that there are at present about six millions and a half of Jews upon the face of the earth, and that of these about five and a half millions live among professedly Christian populations; less than one-seventh among Mohammedan nations; and the small remaining fraction, steadily diminishing in number, in heathen lands.

An analysis of these statistics, says the *Sunday Magazine* "shows that in countries chiefly Protestant the Jews number about a million; among Greek Church populations two millions; and in Roman Catholic countries two millions and a half. The political emancipation of the Jewish race in the principal European nationalities has been pro-

ductive of a marvellous change in the social condition of the Jews generally, and, as is well known, many of them within the last century have risen to the highest political as well as commercial distinction. The assertion is also made, and it has been repeated with emphasis by some of the more earnest and eminent religious teachers among the Jews themselves, that this era of material prosperity and of social and political advancement has had a very unfavorable effect upon the piety of the people. The modern Jew, it would seem, is too often disposed to regard with scepticism and scorn the religious aspirations of his people, and to look upon temporal success as the only end worth striving for; even the hope of the restoration of the Israelitish race to a position of national greatness failing to stir his ambition or enthusiasm. According to figures which have been collected with diligence and care, but upon which probably it would be unwise to lay too much stress: 'Annually, throughout the world, upwards of a thousand Jews are converted to Christianity, of whom about 450 join the Greek Church, 270 the Romish, and 250 the Evangelical.' Proselytes, it is scarcely necessary to add, are generally regarded with extreme disfavor by members of their own race, and converts often have to renounce old associations, happy friendships, and the means of obtaining a livelihood, when they renounce the faith of their fathers."

The Rector's Daughters.

ONE dull, foggy day in December,
When biting and bleak was the air,
I once lost my way, I remember,
And paused in a quaint city square.
Though lacking all splendor or gladness,
The flavor of good long ago
Clung close to the place in its sadness
And grave-yard half-covered with snow;
While the black, puny branches, leafless and bare,
Seemed to add to the gloom of this dull city square!

The railings were rusty and rimy,
The church looked so mouldy and grim;
The houses seemed haunted and grimy;
The windows were gruesome and dim.
The iron gate creaked on its hinges,
The clock struck a querulous chime,
As though it were feeling some twinges
It had been forgotten by Time.

But I opened the door, and the picture was fair,
In the fine ancient church, in this sad city square!

A fair little lass, holly-laden,
With eyes of cerulean blue,
Is helping a sweet dark-eyed maiden
Twine ivy with laurel and yew;
How busy the deft taper fingers!
What taste and what art they display!
How lovingly each of them lingers,
Adjusting a leaf or a spray!—

I close the door softly, I've no business there,
And drift out in the fog of the grim city square.

Two Daintily Illustrated Books.

MRS. BROWNING'S "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," which has brought comfort to so many weary, sorrowful hearts, has been published by Lee & Shepard in a dainty volume, VOL. XLIX.—50.

illustrated with a series of original designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey, and cannot fail to make a favorite gift-book in the coming holiday season.

The same publishers have issued another small volume, charmingly illustrated from original designs by S. G. McCutcheson and E. H. Garrett, containing David Ross Locke's (Petroleum V. Nasby's) poem, entitled "Hannah Jane." The story of the poem is one that has, in this country, its sad counterpart in too many thousands of cases. It is that of a couple in humble life who, as the years progress, gradually grow away from each other. The husband is ambitious, and resolves to rise in the world, while the wife, who has but little education and no social culture, does not look beyond her home and wifely duties, in which she is loving and true, faithful and self-denying. That her husband, who has studied law and been admitted to the bar, may have a new coat in place of his old seedy one, and so make a respectable appearance, she takes her cloak to the tailor who had refused to trust him:

"Her winter cloak was in his shop by morn that very day;
She wrought on hickory-shirts at night that tailor's bill to pay.
I got my coat and wore it; but alas! poor Hannah Jane
Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm weather came again."

* * * * *
"No negro ever worked so hard: a servant's pay to save
She made herself most willingly a household drudge and slave.
What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
Combining, as she did, in one, nurse, housemaid, seamstress, cook!
What wonder that her beauty fled that once I so adored?
The rose and lily in her face my kitchen fire devoured."

Gradually, in his taste, culture, learning, ambitions and associations, the husband rises into a sphere of life entirely away from that in which his wife can walk as an equal by his side. She is little more than the self-denying and self-forgetting wife, mother and household drudge, faithful in everything, and true in her love for her husband as the needle to the pole. And here comes the test of the husband's love and honor and true manhood. After twenty years, in which he had been steadily more and more indifferent to his wife, with whom he now had no companionship, he is brought face to face with the temptation to abandon her. And this leads him to turn back and review the past. He sees her as she stood by his side at the marriage altar:

"Her fingers then were taper, and her skin as white as milk,
Her brown hair—what a mass it was!—and soft and fine as silk;
No wind-moved willow by the brook had ever such a grace;
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face."

* * * * *
"She blundered in her writing, and she blundered when she spoke,

And every rule of syntax that old Murray made she broke."

* * * * *

"I was but little better. True, I'd longer been at school:
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a trifle more by rule;
But that was all: the neighbors round, who knew us through and through,
Spoke but the truth in calling her the better of the two."

Then comes the contrast between then and now:
"How changed she is! The light of youth has faded from her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the coiffeur's art supplies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward bends;
Her fingers, once so shapely, now are stumpy at the ends."

"She has made but little progress and in little we are one;
The beauty rare that more than hid that great defect is gone.
My well-to-do relations now deride my homely wife,
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod through life."

But honor and true manhood, and the memory of unselfish and unwavering devotion to his interests and happiness, in the wife who wedded him before his prosperous years, are strong enough to hold him loyal to duty if not to love. We quote the concluding lines of the poem:

"I nursed my powers and grew, and made my point, but she—
Bearing such pack-horse loads, what could the woman be?
What could she be! O shame! I blush to think what she has been:
The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.
Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's ignorant, 'tis true:
For me she rubbed herself quite out: I represent the two."

"Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have done—
First break her heart with cold neglect, then shiver her out alone."

* * * * *

"And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah Jane and me
Was not for one or twenty years, but for eternity.
No matter what the world may think; I know down in my heart
If either, I'm delinquent: She has bravely done her part."

"There's another world beyond this; and on that final day
Will intellect and learning against such devotion weigh?
And when the one made of us two is torn apart again
I'll kick the beam, for God is just, and He knows Hannah Jane."

The illustrations, sixteen in number, are very fine, and the whole get up of the book elegant and creditable to the publishers.

New Books Received.

OUR LITTLE ONES. Illustrated Stories and Poems for Little People. Wm. G. Adams (Oliver Optic) editor, with 350 original illustrations. One of the most charming juveniles of the season. Boston: Lee and Shepard, pp. 384. Price \$1.50.

TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS. By Mrs. M. D. Welcome. Yarmouth, Me.: I. C. Welcome, pp. 160. Price 15c.

THE POCKET-RIFLE. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 274.

NEW ENGLAND BIRD LIFE. A Manual of New England Ornithology. Revised from the manuscript of Winfrid A. Stevens, by Dr. Elliott Cones, U. S. A. Part I—Oscines. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 324. Price \$2.50.

HAND-BOOK OF WOOD-ENGRAVING. By William A. Emerson. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 95. Price \$1.00.

UP THE RIVER; OR, YACHTING ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By Oliver Optic, Author of "Young America Abroad," "The Boat Club Stories," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 364. Price \$1.50.

UNFERMENTED WINE. A FACT. A Review of the latest attempt to show that the existence of Unfermented Wine among the Ancients was impossible. By Norman Kerr, M. D., F. R. S. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, pp. 41. Price 10c.

AMERICAN JUVENILE SPEAKER AND SONGSTER. By C. A. Fyke. Cincinnati, O.: F. W. Helmick, pp. 127. Price 40c.

BREAD AND BEER. By Mary Dwinell Chellis, Author of "The Brewery at Taylorville," "The Brewer's Fortune," &c. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, pp. 380. \$1.25.

CONSECRATED. By Ernest Gilmore, Author of "White Hands and White Hearts." New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, pp. 434.

MY SISTER KITTY. A story of election day. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 232. Price 50c.

READY AND WILLING. By the author of "Floy Lindley," &c. New York: American Tract Society, pp. 333. Price \$1.25.

OPENING PLAIN PATHS. By Howe Benning. New York: American Tract Society, pp. 336. \$1.25.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.50.

HANNAH JANE. By David Ross Locke (Petrolevum V. Nasby). Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.50.

YOUNG AMERICANS IN JAPAN; or, the Adventures of the Jewett family and their friend Oto Rambo. By Edward Greery, Author of "Blue Jackets," "Through the Heart of Japan," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 372. Price \$1.50.

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UNFAVORABLE CONDITIONS.

No treatment can be more than partially successful where the patient's conditions are unfavorable. Compound Oxygen, while it may give partial relief, cannot cure unless there be an observance of the laws of health, and care as to diet and exposure to cold or excessive fatigue.

We are constantly meeting with cases which, but for impediments of this kind, would be radically cured. If a patient would get well, he must see to it that nature has a fair chance. In many cases, the unfavorable conditions are of such a nature that it is almost impossible to remove or get away from them. Compound Oxygen may greatly help, even under such adverse conditions, but a permanent cure can hardly be expected.

In a letter now before us, an old patient says:

"My health now is quite good. Rheumatic trouble is very slight, and I am comfortable in every respect. Please understand that I am obliged to take good care of myself every day: avoid too much fatigue, and especially fatigue of mind, in order to keep comfortable. My food is nourishing me pretty well, I think."

"I wish to add, that after giving this favorable report of my condition, I must say that I am not situated as I should be, in order to make the best possible improvement. Perhaps no one can say that she is fully so; but really, ever since I took the first Treatment, I have had an unusually (for me) hard time. I will say that under ordinarily favoring circumstances, my improvement under your Home Treatment would, I believe, have been simply wonderful."

A case which terminated fatally, after there had been great improvement under the use of Compound Oxygen, is related in a letter from one of our patients in Massachusetts. The unfavorable conditions, which might and should have been avoided, not only caused her to lose all that she had gained, but so weakened the vital forces that recovery was impossible. Our correspondent says:

"I am sorry to relate the death of one of our most promising young ladies, whom Oxygen had twice restored, when the best physicians said there was no hope. When she left school in Boston last summer, the doctors said she could not live; but after using the Oxygen, she thought herself able to commence her school in the winter, though much against the advice of her friends. A severe cold, which resulted in pneumonia in the spring, so undermined her health that she could not recover. Her family are inclined to consumption, and think that several of its members owe their lives to Compound Oxygen."

The next extract from a patient's letter shows great improvement, even under conditions adverse to recovery:

"I have been greatly benefited by the Oxygen, but circumstances have been such that I have been unable to give it a fair trial. Have been obliged many times to overexert myself, etc. I do not take cold as easily as I did, but still cough hard and frequently. Constipation is better, and appetite generally fair. I feel much more like living than when I sent for the Treatment; though I still suffer greatly at times from depression

of spirits, life at such times seeming really unbearable."

Another patient writes:

"The Oxygen has done much toward restoring my health and strength; so much so, that I have been able to make a 'hand' at all kinds of work on the farm. Did not think it necessary to avoid lifting and heavy work, as I have had to do for several years past. The consequence was that, during harvest, in handling wheat, I ruptured a small blood-vessel in my weak lung, causing passive hemorrhage, or spitting of blood, which lasted two weeks. * * * Am using the Oxygen regularly again now, but it will take a few weeks to regain the strength lost through my imprudence."

Another says:

"At the end of the first Treatment, I overdid and made myself worse than I was before I began taking it, and have not yet got over the effects of my over-walking," etc.

Another patient makes this report of her condition, after using Compound Oxygen for two months:

"I have everything to say in its favor, although I am not feeling so well as I was two weeks ago; yet, I believe, this is owing to my own indiscretion. For the first four or five weeks, I gained in strength marvellously; I slept well, ate well, and, by care, my food ceased to distress me. I became regular in my bowels, which have been constipated for a number of years. I could bear more air without taking cold. * * * I have not taken all the Oxygen yet; perhaps if I had, I would have felt better still. I have been doing my work partly myself, and I think I overdid it, not having done anything for a year past."

GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

If the thousands and tens of thousands of weak and weary sufferers throughout the land, who, in spite of care and skill, are steadily drifting downwards, could have the benefit of this subtle and singularly vitalizing agent which we call Compound Oxygen, the help, and ease, and comfort it would bring to wasting bodies and depressed spirits would be blessings beyond price. If, reader, you have an invalid wife, or mother, or daughter, or sister, or any one who is under your care and dependent upon you, and to whom life has become a burden through weakness and pain, consider seriously whether you are not bound, in both love and duty, to give this sufferer a chance of recovery, or, at least, the blessing of ease from pain.

We offer you the amplest means of information in regard to this new Treatment. If you can examine the testimony we present without prejudice, and can weigh evidence with judgment and discrimination, you can hardly fail to see that in Compound Oxygen there is a healing power that is simply wonderful.

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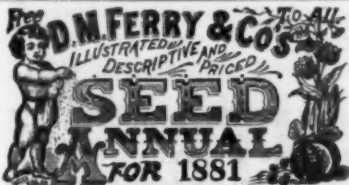
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THE LATTER DAY OPINIONS.

Ever since Solomon chose to announce, that there was "nothing new under the sun," there has been a tacit acquiescence on the part of so many, that any assertion to the contrary has aroused a deep feeling of curiosity, if not of incredulity, and evoked a strong purpose to investigate the "new thing." For the sake of reconciling the "wise man's" notions with this latter day experience, we would suggest that the new and wonderful application of "old fashioned" ideas certainly justifies our boasting of this age of progress. These thoughts were induced by a contemplation of the record of that famous Old German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. And certainly we know not, or have we ever heard of any curative which has accomplished so much good. Its past has been one long period of triumph over painful disease, its present is the period of yet wider usefulness in the relief and cure of human ailments, and its future based upon such a record,—what limit can be set to it? The following statements in support of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, form the basis for the proper assertion that, all things considered, the Old German Remedy is in the most remarkable one ever discovered for the relief and cure of rheumatism and all painful diseases.

A Chicago Broker's Happy Investment.

Lewis H. O'Connor, Esq., whose office is at 93 Washington street, this city, lately related the following in the hearing of one of our reporters as an evidence of special good fortune: I have been suffering, said Mr. O'Connor, for a number of weeks with a very severe pain in my back, contracted while on the lakes. I had been prescribed for by several of our physicians and used various remedies. Three days ago I abandoned them all, and bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, applied it at night before retiring, and to-day I feel like a new man. I experienced almost instant relief, and now feel no pain whatever. I must express my thankfulness for the invention and manufacture of such a splendid medicine, and shall esteem it a duty, privilege and pleasure to recommend it in the future for similar ailments.—*Chicago (Ill.) Journal*.

[Chicago Western Catholic.

A WONDERFUL SUBSTANCE.

It is endorsed by Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, and by some of our most honored and respected priests throughout the country who have used it for rheumatics with success where all other remedies failed. We refer here to St. Jacobs Oil. We know of several persons in our own circle who were suffering with that dreadful disease, rheumatism, who tried everything and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine which proved of no benefit. We advised them to try St. Jacobs Oil. Some of them laughed at us for our faith in the "patent stuff," as they chose to call it. However, we induced them to give it a trial, and it accomplished its work with such magic-like rapidity that they are now its strongest advocates, and will not be without it in their houses on any account.

Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy, did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, Librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
204 DEARBORN STREET,
CHICAGO, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remedy I am cured. This statement is unaltered by any one in its interest.

JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

A BUILDER'S TESTIMONY.

Ohas. S. Strickland, Esq., Builder, No. 9 Boylston street and 106 Harrison avenue, Boston, thus speaks: The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express, can only be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism to be incurable. Specifics, almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee joint became swollen to enormous proportions and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself, as best I might, to another month's agonies. By chance, I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was free from pain in knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism.

AN EDITOR IN LUCK.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism; of this I am convinced. For two years I suffered with Rheumatism in my left shoulder and right arm, and last fall I was incapable of attending to my duties, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of terrible pains. A few weeks ago a severe attack of this trouble struck me, and this time I concluded to try the St. Jacobs Oil. I must acknowledge, with but little confidence in its merits. I freely confess that the result has completely astonished me. The first application relieved the pain very materially, and the continued use of only two bottles has completely cured me of this chronic evil, and that, after the most eminent physicians and their prescriptions had been of no avail. I therefore consider it a duty to publish the above for the benefit of all sufferers with Rheumatism and kindred complaints.

G. A. HEILMAN,
Editor *Republicans*, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Amos James, Esq., proprietor of the Huron House, Port Huron, Mich., writes as follows: I suffered so badly with Rheumatism that I was unable to raise my arm for three months. Five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me entirely.

WEATHER WISDOM.

Under the title of Old Probabilities, one of the most useful and valuable officers of the U. S. Government is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent lecture tour through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he thus refers to: The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on 21st December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 35; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me; after suffering for three hours, I thought,—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains,—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was instantaneous. In one hour, I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment in a neighboring town, had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.

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It is probable that nearly every family in America knows by this time the great merit possessed by this world-renowned soap, for it has been on the market for fifteen years, and it has been brought to the notice of all, but, if our advertising has escaped the eye of any, and if no friend has ever spoken of its merits, please allow us to say that, you will truly find it for YOUR INTEREST to try it and see for yourself how far superior it is to any other soap. It is really the **BEST** and **MOST ECONOMICAL** soap IN THE WORLD. Your grocer sells it.

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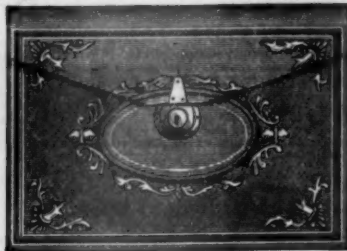
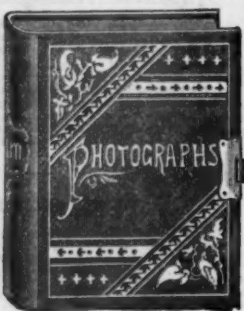
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12, 1.

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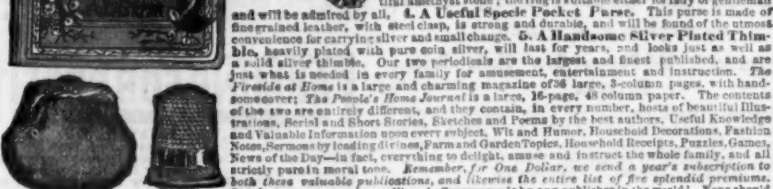
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Seated in a luxurious palace car whirling us with lightning speed toward the Pacific coast, we were fast relapsing into that dreamy condition of mind which the monotony of continuous travel induces. Nearly all our fellow passengers were similarly influenced, except a small group who were assiduous in their attention to a seemingly healthy and robust young man. The young man attracted our attention by what seemed either his indifference or helplessness, and we were resolved to "see the whole thing through." By this time we were drawing near to an express and refreshment station, and our indifferent young friend gave some sign which caused a gentleman attendant to leave the car and procure for him some fruit. On his way back toward the invalid we allowed our curiosity full liberty, and inquired concerning his charge. With rare politeness he explained that the young man was the victim of an agonizing type of rheumatism, which was always worse in the Spring and Fall, and that they were removing the patient to the Pacific coast for the benefit of climatic influence, as medicine had ceased to affect his case at all. We thanked him and fell into an easy conversation with a new-comer who had boarded the train at the station, and was for a time our *compagnon de voyage*. This companion of the trip, we reasoned, must be either a very good or very wicked man, as our eyes for the first time fell upon his heavy *porte-manteau*, bearing the mystical name "St. Jacobs." We inquired diplomatically about his destination, etc., etc., and soon we learned that the affable stranger was a public benefactor in the role of representative of the St. Jacobs Oil. interest. At the next station our invalid traveler and the St. Jacobs Oil representative were transferred to a compartment of the car for an interchange of views and experiences; and we think something cheering must have been heard and felt by our invalid, for before we reached our destination—San Francisco—this same invalid was as pleasant and cheerful as any one aboard the train, free from pain and as voluble concerning the merits of that wonderful remedy for Rheumatism, St. Jacobs Oil, as a school-girl on commencement day.—*Western Exchange*.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to present the following statements relative to the efficacy of the Old German Remedy:

SAVED FROM THE POORHOUSE.

For many years David Allingsworth suffered with Rheumatism, and notwithstanding the best medical attendance, could not find relief. He came to the Sciota County Poorhouse, and had to be carried into and out of bed, on account of his helpless condition. After the failure of all the remedies which had been applied, the Directors of the Poorhouse resolved to use the celebrated German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and this was a fortunate resolution; for, with the trial of one bottle, the patient was already much better, and when four bottles had been used upon him, he could again walk about without the use of a cane. The facts, as above stated, will be vouched for by the editor of the Portsmouth (Ohio) Correspondent.

Amos James, Esq., proprietor Huron House, Port Huron, Mich., writes: I suffered with Rheumatism so badly that I was unable to use my arm for three months. Nothing gave relief, and I was in despair, when some one recommended St. Jacobs Oil. I tried it, and, to my astonishment, found relief. Continuing its use, five bottles cured me entirely. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted with Rheumatism.

One of the great manufacturing interests of Boston is the Emerson Piano Company, whose pianos are used with high appreciation and satisfaction throughout the world. In a recent conversation with Mr. Jos. Gramer, one of the proprietors, that gentleman remarked: I have used that valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, in my family, and found it to be so beneficial that I will never be without it. It has cured me of a severe case of Rheumatism after other remedies had failed.

Rev. A. A. Allen, who is well known in Michigan, and more particularly in Oakland county where he is familiarly addressed or spoken of as "Father Allen," thus speaks: My wife, who has not rested well, and who has been troubled with chronic Rheumatism for the past six years, hearing of the wonderful cures made by St. Jacobs Oil, bought a bottle at Carroll's Drug Store, one day last month, and with one application, rested well for the night, free from all pain, the first time in six years. She used one bottle, and was entirely cured of all Rheumatism and pains. We always keep it at our home. My neighbors, hearing of the permanent cure, also provided themselves with St. Jacobs Oil.

Mr. Gilbert Henfield, 1026 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, Ill., says: This is to certify, that, after suffering the most excruciating pain for two years from chronic Rheumatism, and using immense quantities of liniments, oils and physicians' recipes, I used St. Jacobs Oil (recommended to me by a friend) for a few weeks, and have not suffered with Rheumatism from that time to the present—nearly six months. I now consider myself entirely cured, thanks to St. Jacobs Oil.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE GREAT FIRE.

At the residence of Mr. John O'Donnell, No. 106 Sigel street, Chicago, our reporter found Mrs. O'Donnell, who said that eight years ago, just after the fire, she contracted Rheumatism in the feet, and that after trying all kinds of remedies—some of which cost as much as two dollars a bottle—she had recently heard of St. Jacobs Oil, and had given it a trial, the result being that a few applications changed her from a bed-ridden cripple to a strong woman, able to dance about the floor as in her youthful days.—*Chicago Tribune*.

J. Jackson Smith, Esq., Councilman, Cleveland, Ohio, recently recommended St. Jacobs Oil to a prominent politician in that city, who was a martyr to rheumatic aches and pains. His shoulder was so badly afflicted that it was impossible for him to use a pen. He assured me, Mr. Smith said, that he was materially benefited after the first rubbing, and that by constant use since, he has succeeded in entirely ridding himself of the complaint. I have introduced the Oil into my family, believing that it is an exceedingly good thing to have within reach. My son has used it for headache with good success. The truth is, by the amount of talk one hears daily about St. Jacobs Oil, it seems as though it was destined to occupy a most important position in every household.

Undoubtedly it is a remarkable medicine, says Stacey Hill, Esq., of the Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railway, Cincinnati. I was limping about, hardly able to move, with Rheumatism in the hip, or Sciatica. Hearing of St. Jacobs Oil, I procured a bottle of it, and with the third application was able to go about with perfect ease and comfort.

The La Fayette (Ind.) Daily Courier lately remarked: We cheerfully give our readers the benefit of the following, imparted to us by Mr. John Wendling of this city: I had been confined to bed for five weeks with Rheumatism, during which time my left leg was powerless. I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after using it for five or six days, I was on my feet again and perfectly cured. We congratulate our friend on his recovery, and the public on the fact that a reliable cure for one of the most painful ailments has at last been found.

Mr. J. Dawson, of the firm of J. Dawson & Son, Druggists, Rochester, Ind., was attacked with St. Jacobs Rheumatism about December 10th last, and for four weeks succeeding February 10th could scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling not much the worse for his recent affliction. The inference is convincing. The run which St. Jacobs Oil is having in these gentlemen say, unprecedented, and the article is rapidly displacing all other rheumatic remedies as fast as its virtues become known.

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THE TRADE TESTIFIES.

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CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, Esq., Central Medicine Warehouse, New York City.—"I would say, that the best evidence that the people are realizing the claims advanced in favor of St. Jacobs Oil, is the large and increasing sale of the article."

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P. VAN SCHAECK, Esq., of the "Old Salamander" Drug House, Chicago, Ill.—"Many of my personal friends, prominent business men of high standing in society—said Mr. Van Schaeck—have tried St. Jacobs Oil, and cannot say enough in its favor. As an article of sale, St. Jacobs Oil is really matchless. You may form an idea of the popular favor which it enjoys among the trade and the people when I tell you that nearly every order we receive, as I show you by the file (and we have several thousand customers), includes St. Jacobs Oil."

MRS. BENTON, MYERS & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.—"Daniel Myers, of this old established Wholesale Drug House, said, that with his house the sales of St. Jacobs Oil were greater by far than those of any article of its kind; and, in fact, it was one of the very best selling articles they had handled for many years."

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ST. LOUIS (MO.) REPUBLICAN.—"It is very rare that the REPUBLICAN consents to editorially forward the interests of what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently fall out that we can have positive knowledge of their merits. However, we take pleasure in saying of St. Jacobs Oil, from individual experiment, that it is a most excellent remedial agent, and as such we can heartily recommend it."

CINCINNATI (OHIO) STAR.—"We stated to Mr. Hill, of the Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railway, as we now do to our readers, that the names of parties of national reputation were being freely used by the proprietors of the St. Jacobs Oil in their announcements and otherwise, and we felt it a matter of curiosity, and in some respects a duty to our subscribers, to verify the truth of the statements made regarding it."

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THE CHICAGO (ILL.) TIMES, in closing an elaborate editorial, wherein were embodied the statements of many of the most rollid business men and influential citizens of Chicago, observes in reference to St. Jacobs Oil: "These interviews, as herein reported, should be enough to satisfy the most skeptical of the wonderful, almost miraculous properties contained in these little bottles." These sentiments are the universal echo of the press of the land, and carry with convincing emphasis, indubitable proof of the wonderful efficacy of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil.

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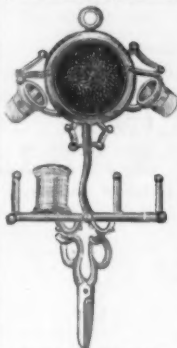
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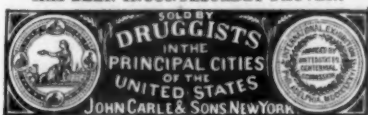
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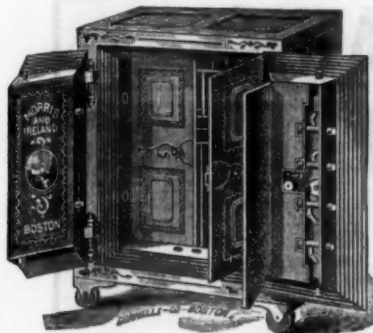
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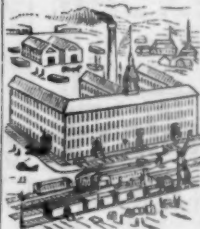
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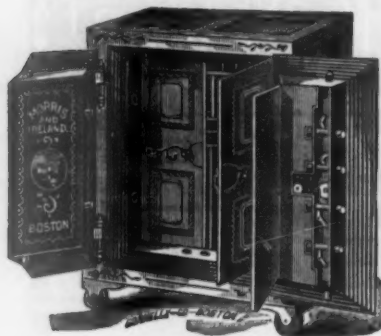
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In a friendly and fraternal letter received last year from the editor of the *Union* (Ill.) *Herald*, such generous and warm-hearted praise of the HOME MAGAZINE was given that we asked and received permission to publish the communication, which was done in the January number of the HOME MAGAZINE. We repeat a portion of the letter here:

"I know of no other magazine in the United States that so nearly fills my ideal of a HOME MAGAZINE—not one. It is rightly named."

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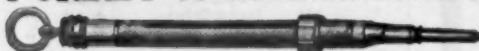


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11-4.

THE COUNTRYMAN

IN THE

Weather Signal Office.



Mr. Jeremiah Toadvine, of the rural district, brought a letter of introduction to the United States Signal Office, and by the latter gentleman was shown the beautiful scientific instruments for measuring and determining the various changes and conditions of the weather. Pointing to the standard thermometer he explained to Mr. T. the uses of the heat gauge, whereupon Mr. T. anxiously inquired if he "hadn't nuther un to spare—such a nice merchine to set the weather in hayin' and harvest time." His inspection of the aerometer or wind measurer evoked the expression: "Wouldn't she be the racket to run the wind mill with." The barometer was one too many for Toadvine, and looking queerly at the official, as if he were utterly nonplussed and bankrupt of words, said: "Friend, did you ever have the reumatiz?" The abruptness of the question surprised the officer, who replied, "No—never." "What?" Evidently recollecting himself, Mr. T. stopped on the ragged edge of the threadbare remark, and said: "I only wanted to know, for if this trap (pointing to the barometer) shows the good an' bad weather afore it's time, it would be a bully trap for people with reumatiz; they could hank it every time. Up my country when folks has it they use St. Jacobs Oil, an' it's a powerful argment agin reumatiz—it's the upper dang in the fight every time." With thanks for the unexpected information, the official politely turned Mr. Toadvine over to the usher to show him to the street car, while he, looking over his paper, read: "Mrs. T. A. Gist, No. 1204 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay, and the morning I obtained the St. Jacobs Oil, I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On the Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half, and I am almost free from pain! It is a wonderful medicine.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

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A Great Saving in Actual Cost to All.

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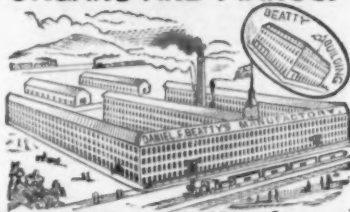
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.



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DEN TONGUE REEDS. It
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1882—ARTHUR'S—1882

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ILLUSTRATED.

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For a period of nearly thirty years, this magazine has been a welcome visitor in thousands of American homes, and there are subscribers on our list who have taken it from the beginning. They have learned that its publishers keep their promises; that the interest of its pages never flags; and that its literature is of the highest character. And still beyond this, that in its peculiar character and varied departments it is more thoroughly identified with the people in their every-day life and home and social interests than any other first-class periodical in the country.

Referring to the steady improvement which, year by year has been made in the HOME MAGAZINE—each new volume presenting increased attractions—we can only promise our readers that this rule of improvement shall be fully maintained, and that the HOME MAGAZINE for 1882 will be the most interesting and attractive that has yet appeared.

Our arrangements are more complete than they have ever been, and our literary resources wider and more varied.

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"I cannot send off this letter without saying how pleased we are with the HOME MAGAZINE. It grows better every month. We find it next to impossible to do without it."

"It is so home-like and good; so pure and ennobling; always appealing to our better selves, and lifting us to higher and better things."

"I have taken your HOME MAGAZINE for twenty years, and feel now as if I could hardly live without it."

"I have taken your HOME MAGAZINE since 1855, and have seen none that meets my wants or that we like as well."

"It certainly stands in the front rank in regard to purity of tone, and high aim in advancing the true happiness of home life."

"Have taken it five years, and feel like saying, 'God bless you!' for one book that we can feel safe in recommending to every one. I have learned to love it, and the writers seem like dear friends."

"I have read the HOME MAGAZINE without missing a single number since 1864. But no words of mine can express fitly my thanks for all it has been to me in these years."

"It should be in every home. I hope to take it as long as I live."

"It stands unrivaled; and my wish is that every wife, mother and maiden could peruse its pages."

"Long live the HOME MAGAZINE, the light and blessing of so many homes. I could not well get along without its cheering, comforting monthly visits."

"You may safely count on us as life-long readers."

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"I can never tell you the good your HOME MAGAZINE has done me. Each year I have taken it contains at least twelve perfectly happy days—the days on which my magazine comes."

"I watch for your beautiful magazine eagerly."

"I should feel poor, indeed, if I were deprived of it."

"Accept my congratulations upon the brave spirit with which you refuse to pander to a vitiated public taste."

"I am a better wife, a better woman, a better mother for its sake."

"It always appeals to the higher side of our nature, lifting us up toward nobler things."

"The numbers have been more than ever instructive and interesting to me. It is all that is pure and ennobling."

"Whenever I write to distant friends, I tell them of the merits of the HOME MAGAZINE."

"I feel almost as though I could not keep house without it; and my numbers are constantly lent out around our immediate neighborhood."

"For six years I have, each month, greeted the arrival of your dear, delightful magazine with the affection I would bestow on a dear friend."

"I cannot send off my order without expressing, briefly, my gratitude for such a blessing as your magazine is to us, and to hundreds of women in our fair land."

"It fills a want in the household that I have long felt the need of; and I am sure, in this, that I only express the sentiments of wives and mothers all over the land."

"It is so thoroughly home-like and good."

"I thank you for giving us a magazine which holds up a high standard of life, and lifts one up to new and earnest endeavor toward the right."

"I wonder how I have done without your magazine so long. I hope never to be without it again."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

"No one can peruse a number without having his better qualities thoroughly awakened, and yet it is never in any respect dull, always entertaining and amusing while it instructs and elevates."—*Plaindealer*, Marseilles, Illinois.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE has been received and every word read. We are never afraid of saying too much in favor of this magazine; for the family circle and general home-reading it has no superior."—*Times*, Harper, Kansas.

"For an inexpensive, popular home magazine, Arthur's has hardly a peer. Established years ago, and fostered and brought up under the care of the venerable T. S. Arthur, this publication has found favor in thousands of homes all over the world. To-day it is stronger and more popular than ever."—*Republican*, Lyons, New York.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ranks with the best monthlies of the day. Everything is so classified and departmentized that it gives a specialty to the magazine that is particularly acceptable to the masses. This magazine has been published, every month, for nearly thirty years, over one-half of which time the writer has received and perused it with great satisfaction."—*Sunday Leader*, Lafayette, Indiana.

"Arthur never disappoints. Something instructive, something to comfort, to cheer and to encourage in every number. It will scatter blessings in thousands of families. Get it."—*Herald*, Toulon, Illinois.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE in its special field has no rival. Helpful to all housekeepers, especially so to young ones; pure in thought and expression, and true to God and humanity, it is a blessing wherever it goes."—*Advance*, Altoona, Pa.

In a friendly and fraternal letter received last year from the editor of the *Toulon* (Ill.) *Herald*, such generous and warm-hearted praise of the HOME MAGAZINE was given that we asked and received permission to publish the communication, which was done in the January number of the HOME MAGAZINE. We repeat a portion of the letter here:

"I know of no other magazine in the United States that so nearly fills my ideal of a HOME MAGAZINE—not one. It is rightly named."

"Just across the street is a busy, care-worn wife and mother. For twenty years, with but little interruption, she has been a reader of the HOME MAGAZINE. Its monthly visits have been like angels to her. When she told me the fact of her long-continued subscription, I readily saw where she gathered so much hope, and patience, and strength."

"Blessings on your dear old magazine! May its forty-seven volumes be increased to one hundred, and the blessings you are bestowing upon thousands of households in this land return to you with tenfold richness."

"The best monthly magazine published in America."—*News*, Clinton, Mich.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE is one of the best that reaches this office."—*Free Press*, Ripon, Ohio.

"Among the choicest and best of the periodicals visiting our table is ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE."—*Star*, Baldwin, Mich.

"If you want a magazine that is in every respect a model, both in appearance and matter, subscribe for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE."—*Home Monthly*.

"There are always daintily-illustrated articles, and the most sensible fashion-plates to be found anywhere."—*Weekly Aurora*, Cleveland, Ohio.

"It is really refreshing to find in one, at least, of the popular monthlies, reading matter that is pure and healthy as well as strengthening. Not a single article, or even page, but has in it some good moral, and a good purpose is felt and seen in every sentence almost throughout the book, and you feel that you are better for having communed with the minds that teach through its columns."—*Guardian*, Westchester, Tenn.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE fulfills the manifest destiny, indicated by its name, by being the most heartily welcomed, at home, of all the periodicals that come there."—*Journal*, Amboy, Ill.

"No home should be without this magazine, for there is a special department for the father, mother, sister and brother."—*Vidette*, Augusta, Ark.

All Subscribers to ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for 1893 will receive, free, the November and December numbers of this year.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE PUBLISHERS

Have spared no effort to present an Announcement of new features for 1882, that shall represent the best ability in entertaining literature. The names of a few of the writers and a selection from the topics are given below.

Its Serial Stories.

These are by writers of rare gifts and experience. Several of the Stories will illustrate topics that are engaging public attention.

A Serial Story. Illustrated.	By W. D. Howells.
A Live Story for Boys. Illustrated.	By J. T. Trowbridge.
An English Story. Illustrated.	By William Black.
Witchcraft at Deacon Wiggins'.	By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Four Nights Among Russian Nihilists.	By a Writer in Russia.
Tales of Old New England Taverns.	By Rose Terry Cooke.
Stories of Successful Business Men.	By James Parton.

Its Stories of Adventure.

Incidents of Frontier Life and Adventure in the West; in Africa; in Australia; in Greenland; in China, Japan and Corea; in Russia; in New Zealand; on the Ocean. Fully illustrated.

A Pioneer School Mistress in the Far West: Her experiences—amusing, often thrilling—related to her Eastern friends. By Adeline Hall.

Lost in the Gran Chaco; or, Six Weeks in a South American Wilderness: A Six Weeks' Flight among the Cannibals. Illustrated.

Perils of a Linesman's Life: Guarding a Telegraph Wire in Sumatra. Illustrated.

On Recent Battle Fields. Illustrated. By Lieut. Grianell.

A Story of South Africa. A Serial Story. By Archibald Forbes.

A Story of South Africa. A Serial Story. By Capt. Mayne Reid.

Very Valuable Articles.

The Ministers of the English Government during the Revolution,	By E. P. Whipple.
The Beginning of Great Industries,	By James Parton.
Life Scenes, as a Clergyman sees them,	By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.
Success and Failure in Life,	By Canon F. W. Farrar.
Other Recollections of Authors,	By the late James T. Fields.

Illustrated Travel.

China.—Incidents and facts connected with ten years of official residence in China; in which personal adventures, incidents of social intercourse with the people; and detailed views of every-day life in China will be given.

By Hon. Chester Holcombe, U. S. Legation, Peking.

Russia.—Life in the out-of-the-way Nooks and Corners of Russia, given in a picturesque and striking series of articles. The author has been sent to Russia by the *Companion* especially for this purpose.

By Mrs. A. H. Leonowens.

Mexico.—A Naturalist's Adventures on the Mountains of Mexico, by one who is travelling in that country for Scientific Societies.

By Fred A. Ober.

The Editorials, as heretofore, will be prepared by the most qualified pens, and all current topics will be treated clearly and fundamentally.

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